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THE POSSIBILITY OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY

BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

IS it in a kind of revulsion from the felt insufficiency of our most familiar political conception that so much is spoken nowadays of the need for a Christian social order? There is, undoubtedly, a vague but widespread feeling that Democracy is not quite on the same level as its manifest opponents, Fascism and Communism. For good or evil these political systems seem to have a positive dynamic that Democracy no longer possesses. As ideas and as systems they evoke a loyalty which Democracy does not; they command and receive from their followers an almost religious enthusiasm. There was a time, a hundred years ago, when Democracy was the object of a similar enthusiasm. But the time is past. The goddess who looked so fair in the days of first love and courtship has become a humdrum wife, without the glory and the gleam. She finds it hard to compete with the new glamour-girls of political ideology.

We cast about, therefore, for some conception of a future society which shall embody our opposition to Fascism and Communism, and yet be something more than a mere defence of the *status quo*. It must have a potentiality of religious enthusiasm about it, which can prevail against the religious enthusiasm evoked by the totalitarian creeds. The only conception which seems capable of filling the bill is that of a Christian society. We turn towards it, half-instinctively.

The instinct may be right—I myself believe it is—but unfortunately nobody knows what a Christian society is. That is the reason why so many people are now engaged in trying to establish what it is. The heads of the Churches in Britain a year ago formulated five "standards" for a new society. True, they did not go so far as to say that they were standards for a Christian society; but the plain implication was that a society which satisfied those standards would be a more Christian one than this is, anyway. Here are the standards:

(1) Extreme inequality in wealth and possessions should be abolished.

(2) Every child, regardless of race or class, should have equal opportunities of education, suitable for the development of his peculiar capacities.

(3) The family as a social unit must be safeguarded.

(4) The sense of a divine vocation must be restored to man's daily work.

(5) The resources of the earth should be used as God's gifts to the whole human race, and used with due consideration for the needs of present and future generations.

They may be criticized for their vagueness (what is *extreme* inequality?) or for their obscurity (how is a divine vocation for machine-minding to be recognized?); the fact remains that a world-society, or a national society which satisfied these criteria would be a good deal better than the one we have. But the awkward thing is that a Communist or a National-Socialist society might make the claim that it came nearer to satisfying these criteria than a society like our own.

Can they make their claim good?

We may leave aside point 5 as applicable only to an international society which shows no sign of existence. In point 1 they certainly pass the examination better than the democracies. In point 2 they pass better in one respect, but not in another. There is much greater equality of educational opportunity in Russia and Germany than in Britain; but it is not regardless of class in the former or of race in the latter. The Jew in one, the kulak in the other is excluded. In point 3 Britain passes better than they: for although in Russia the attempt to break up the family has been abandoned, in both Russia and Germany children are taught that it is their duty to the State to inform against their parents for political heresy. In point 4, if we leave aside the knotty question of when a vocation becomes divine, they certainly surpass us. There is a widespread sense of vocation in the daily work of both countries which is infrequent among ourselves. Although it has been customary to represent them both as tyrannies, it is pretty well established by now that the average worker has a real sense of serving the social whole. Possibly, the sense is stronger in Russia than in Germany, probably, it is more justifiable there; but the evidence cannot be gainsaid that it is stronger in either than it is with us. Nor does the cause, or part of it, seem far to seek. In either country the worker is secure, on however modest a basis. He is not haunted by the spectre of unemployment, and he knows that, however tyrannical the state may be, it is at least a tyranny that makes his security in work its first care. The society the workers are compelled to serve is a society that cares for them, and does not leave them as pariahs in a social and economic no man's land, in which if

they can keep their bodies alive, they cannot keep their souls.

Yet in one point which the heads of the Churches do not mention the totalitarian societies completely fail. And it is surely a point of cardinal importance in judging what is, or what is not, a Christian society. Probably the heads of the Churches take it for granted: for it is the practice of toleration. The missing 6th point should read somewhat as follows: "Every citizen should be secured in the right to express his opinions freely, so long as they do not offend against the law of the land." Yet the moment one tries to formulate the principle of toleration, the difficulties become obvious. For toleration cannot extend to the expression of *all* opinions; yet if it is limited to those which do not conflict with the law of the land, we need some security as to what the law will forbid. Stretch the law of treason a little, have a police busily engaged in ferreting it out, and you legalize most of the activities of Ogpu or a Gestapo. Indeed, at the present moment in Britain, under the excuse of war-emergency, the law empowers the Home Secretary indefinitely to imprison any suspect without recourse to law. If this is the consequence of emergency in law-abiding Britain, it is less surprising that countries which exist in a perpetual condition of revolutionary emergency should intolerably extend the use of arbitrary power.

Since laws that may not be overridden in an emergency by a legislative body are scarcely conceivable, there seems to be no security for toleration except in the habit of mind of the people. Toleration is secure only in a society which has learned to be tolerant. That is why it disappears in the stress of revolution. For revolution (strictly so called) is always violent; and violent revolution is impossible in a tolerant society. Violence begins where toleration ends. And although representative democracy may fairly claim to be the political form naturally taken by a tolerant society, it is to put the cart before the horse to imagine that representative democracy is a guarantee of toleration. Much rather is toleration a guarantee of representative democracy. It is the condition without which representative democracy cannot work. Sooner or later in an intolerant society, or a society which has become intolerant through intolerable conditions, representative democracy destroys itself, as German democracy did when it voted Hitler into power, or as Russian democracy did when it submitted to the dissolution of its Constituent Assembly.

Though toleration is manifestly a Christian virtue, and

therefore a necessary attribute of a Christian social order, it is a very modern Christian virtue. From the time Christianity was embraced by the Roman State till the end of the Wars of Religion in the 17th century—that is, for thirteen hundred years—the Christian Church, Western or Eastern, was professedly intolerant. It had no doubt about its right to extirpate the heretic. Now, it protests, with indubitable sincerity, when the totalitarian states insist upon extirpating their heretics; it denounces the practice as a barbaric retrogression. It is; but it is revision to the age-old practice of the Christian Church. And the cynic might suggest that that is the reason why toleration finds no place among the ecclesiastical criteria of a Christian social order. That would be unjust. Almost certainly the signatories took toleration for granted: they are themselves an embodied toleration—the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council.

Nevertheless, it remains curious that they did not consciously insist upon it, for the survival of toleration is the crucial issue in this transitional and chaotic modern world. When Britain claims that she is fighting for liberty, it is for the practice of toleration that she is fighting. Her moral case against Hitlerism is that it is an intolerant and oppressive social system; it is, of course, equally the moral case against Stalinism. In so far as we are defending a Christian value, it is toleration that we are defending. And assuredly Britons and Americans have a right to assert that toleration is a Christian value in their history, whatever may be its status in the history of the Christian Church as a whole. For toleration was established in Britain and America by the struggle of the Protestant sects among themselves. Some were originally just as intolerant as the Church against which they rebelled; others were tolerant as a matter of self-evident Christian principle. But eventually they agreed to live and let live. Gradually the circle was widened to embrace Catholics (still intolerant by theory) and Atheists. Every citizen was then entitled to the freedom of his own opinion and the right to express it, and to suffer no civic disability for doing so.

It is not the old religious intolerance that we have to fear to-day, but the new quasi-religious intolerance of the deified State. There is a religious element in it. There is a religious fervour in the new totalitarian political ideologies: all alike conceive the secular State as the instrument of a divine mission

—to secure the triumph of the messianic proletariat, the mystical Third *Reich*, or the inspirations of the God-Emperor Meiji. The great totalitarian states somehow combine in one the different divinities of the medieval Church and the medieval Empire. Unless the totalitarian state has this absolute power to suppress heretics, its leaders say, it will be unable to fulfil its divine and historical mission, whatever that may be. Nor can it be denied that the leaders and the people as a whole are inspired by a sense of mission.

The sense of mission in Europeon totalitarianism derives from two main sources. First, it is important to remember the truth on which Peter Drucker has insisted: that Naziism is a post-Marxist creed. Russian Communism is avowedly Marxist. Historically, Naziism came into being largely as the antithesis to Communism, but not, as many people in Britain vainly imagined, as a conservative antithesis to it. Much rather as an equally revolutionary alternative to it: a new combination of Nationalism and Marxism, devised by a demonic genius who had, by first-hand experience in the underworld of Vienna, understood both the dynamic insufficiency of international Marxism and the immediate needs of the proletariat. Communism and Naziism alike are steeped in the Hegelian philosophy of history; from Hegel at first, second or third hand, both derive the conviction that the State is beyond morality, the vehicle for the realization of the divine Idea. Second, both are based on some sort of understanding that a machine-society is generically different from all previous societies. The demands of the machine have to be met. Production has to be maximized at all costs. The ensuing liberation of machine industry into full production (whether of armaments or the commodities of peace) by ruthlessly smashing all impediments to full production, though the impediments happen to be human beings, is the immediate source of the sense of throbbing energy with which the totalitarian societies are animated. It is as though in a great organism the blood that ran sluggishly had suddenly began to circulate freely.

This, I believe, is the reality of the quasi-religious experience which distinguishes the totalitarian societies. Obviously, it transcends the individual, but not at all in the same way as traditional religious experience does. It does not unite the individual with a transcendent God, but with the new, pulsing life of the social organism. What is so difficult for us of the Western tradition to understand is that this new life of the

social organism really is new. The liberation of the machine within a national society brings a new experience to its members. The experience is akin, no doubt, to the familiar sensation of closer community in war. Nevertheless, it is generically different. The familiar unity of patriotism is an emotional unity; the new totalitarian unity is a socio-physiological unity; and though it is assimilated to the emotional unity of patriotism, the new combination is generically different. And it is capable of new achievements.

The point to be emphasized is that this new and portentous materialistic religion is real in the actual experience of the men who participate in it. It is not a theory, not a frenzy induced by the modern technique of mass-propaganda (though this is freely used) but something that has physical reality in the mechanical nexus of the totalitarian society. Just as there is physical reality in the nexus which binds together the members of a crowd in the grip of mass emotion, so on a deeper, subtler plane, there is physical reality in the nexus of a society in which the machines are allowed to go " all out " in complete disregard of all traditional human impediment, of law, custom and property-rights. The creative energy developed in such a society permeates all its members.

The question—the radical and perturbing question—is how a society of toleration can maintain itself against this new concentration of energy in a national society, taking conscious form in a conviction of historical mission. Both Germany and Russia conceive it to be their historical mission to change the world; and both have the power to do it. Perhaps it is by divine providence that they are engaged in attempting this against one another. Perhaps the significance of that titanic struggle is that it gives us of the Anglo-Saxon or tolerant tradition a breathing space—a respite in which we may become conscious of our own mission.

That mission must be to maintain in being a society of toleration. But that is a problem of a new kind, of which the elements and urgency are ignored when we speak of it as " the defence of liberty." The real problem is to reconcile the practice of toleration and liberty with such a liberation of the machine as will enable us to develop a physical energy comparable with that of the totalitarian societies. That is the physical problem. There is a corresponding spiritual problem: to determine the purpose for which our energy, if it can be released, shall be employed—to decide whether we also wish to change the world, and into what we wish to change it.

Probably, we should all agree that we would like to change the world into a world of ordered peace. But that is far too vague. What that really means is a world-society of toleration. Since the dynamic at present belongs to the intolerant societies, it is probably impossible to create such a society. And anyhow the chance of imposing toleration upon the world would depend upon the achievement of world-power: and in the effort to achieve so vast an aim, calling for such a titanic organization and expenditure of energy, it is practically certain that toleration itself would be destroyed.

So it seems that the problem narrows down to the problem whether the Anglo-Saxon societies can, without sacrifice of their internal principle of toleration, so liberate the productive capacity of the machine that they can develop energy enough to maintain their defence against the intolerant societies, which have used intolerance to release the machine. This conception of the Anglo-Saxon mission has manifest and immediate corollaries for the strategy of the war. It seems to point directly to a reliance on sea-power, and a deliberate rejection of all strategies which require a vast development of land-power: if only because we need to restrict the demands on the Anglo-Saxon energies to the minimum compatible with the defence of our tolerant societies. That minimum is prodigious enough, in all conscience; it will tax all our moral energies to provide it without doing fatal injury to the practice and the principle of internal toleration. And over and above this simple consideration is the fact that it is behind the shelter of sea-power that the liberties and toleration of the Anglo-Saxon societies have historically developed. The privilege of sea-power has enabled us to avoid the curse of permanent military organization, and the constant threat to free institutions which such organization involves. If we blindly sacrifice that privileged position in the pursuit of policies which, even if successful, will create a situation in which the maintenance of our own free and tolerant society is no longer possible, we shall annihilate our own significance for the world. We shall be meeting the challenge to our own potentiality of creative response to what is perhaps the greatest crisis in the history of man like irrational animals, not like creatures endowed with godlike reason.

For the problem is not, as many people take it to be, to maintain the machinery of political democracy in war; that is preserved by running it at a good deal less than half-speed. The problem is to ensure a situation after the war in which

political democracy can function; or at least to avoid a situation in which it cannot function—a situation in which violence is the only visible remedy. Such a situation seems to be inevitable at the end of the road we are now blindly travelling; for that must end in a situation wherein our export trade has shrunk to a shadow, our shipping is decimated, and our foreign investments are down to zero. Into such a ghostly fabric of British economy millions of men in the army will be clamouring to enter. The word peace means something emotionally, however little it may describe the brute fact of the post-war situation. The primitive urge of millions of conscripted men to enjoy the freedom they have been fighting for will be disastrous to a political system incapable of satisfying them; whose representatives have neither taken thought how to satisfy them, nor warned them that they cannot be satisfied.

After all, this democracy of ours, this society of toleration and freedom, is the most civilized polity the modern world has produced. It is, as we have contended, at least the necessary foundation of a Christian society. If this cannot be preserved, we may put out of our minds any advance towards a more Christian society for generations to come. Yet, unless it undergoes a creative change, and permits a liberation of the machine, it cannot achieve a dynamic comparable to that of the totalitarian societies. Abstractly, the line of advance is a liberation of the machine by genuine consent: and some imagine that that is actually being enforced upon us by the war. But in reality it is not so at all. Partly by a colossal draft on the future production of the country, partly in reliance on extraordinary aid from America—which is a kindlier version of the same process—we are simply postponing the day of reckoning with the machine, and accumulating intolerable tensions for the future.

It sounds extravagant, and it is unfortunately discordant with the ethos of Britain; nevertheless the truth is that if we wish to retain a society of freedom and toleration after the war, we have to plan for its retention deliberately and resolutely now. Perhaps the task is, even objectively, too great; but without a conscious awareness that the task exists and is urgent, it is subjectively quite impossible of achievement. Yet, if the task is not deliberately formulated and attempted, the condition of disillusion that will follow the war will be fierce indeed—so fierce that any conceivable new ordering of the world which depends upon our participation and support will collapse immediately, because the support will not be there.

The water of the spring of world-renewal will disappear in the cleft of revolution; only the dry and barren rock will remain.

The task is not the planning of a more Christian society than we have; it is planning how to retain those elements of a Christian society which we have already achieved, and which by common consent, we are now engaged in defending. Nevertheless, it is true that if we are really to set about the task on which we are all agreed, we should find ourselves compelled to create a more Christian society than the one we have —a society which at least fulfilled the standards of the Christian leaders. The root of our trouble is that it occurs only to a tiny minority that to defend democracy, as a society of toleration and freedom, is now become a definite, specific and most difficult task. It is almost universally taken for granted that it will have been successfully defended if only we can beat Hitler; if we can destroy Hitlerism, by the very fact our society of toleration will have been successfully defended. No illusion is more widespread, and none more dangerous. It is entirely the other way about. If we can ensure the continuance of a free and tolerant society, by conscious and creative action, we may eventually destroy Hitlerism. Hitlerism is only a particular variety of totalitarianism. To beat Hitler only to discover that there is no remedy for our ensuing plight but totalitarianism would destroy our influence in the world for a century. We should have sunk "beneath the level of history."

To be honest about ourselves, we have been dragged at the chariot-wheels of history for at least a dozen years. No decisive or creative act has come from us, no symbolic or significant initiative. Whether or not the round world believes that we shall win, it certainly does not believe that we shall know what to do if we do win. Its scepticism is most justified: for what we shall do depends upon what we shall be; and we show no sign of taking serious thought about that. Parliament is engrossed with the fight for survival. True, but the issue is the survival of Parliament. The Church is engrossed with the defeat of Anti-Christ. True, but the issue is the survival of the Church. For the Church in the world of to-day is a minority group. Its freedom depends, not on its own sanctity, but on the existence of a civil society of freedom and toleration. It should strive to bridge the gap between its abstract principles and the concrete present by pondering the conditions of its own existence as something more august than a persecuted remnant.

Perhaps Christianity is incapable of a counter-dynamic to the totalitarian. It is lamentably true that the tolerant society was established less by positive Christianity than by negative, less by the will to love than by deprival of the opportunity to hate. Possibly, it takes the tolerant society for granted, because it did so little positively to achieve it. It will rue the loss of it none the less. So that it should be deeply concerned to discover and release a counter-dynamic, if one can be found. The clamour for the revival of religious education is beside the mark unless it means an entirely new kind of religious education. The dynamic of totalitarianism is not so much mental, as socio-physiological. The only kind of Christian education that is relevant is an education into the reality of a modern industrial society, into the necessity of releasing the machines from the impediment of individualism. Unless that release is planned by an act of creative and discriminating imagination, it will come automatically, as a convulsive reaction to a situation produced by inertia; and the machine will triumph not over individualism merely—that is probably its mission—but over the individual as well.

'CAPTIVE' FRANCE

By W. Horsfall Carter

BRITISH diplomatic gentility, the persistent underestimating of the enemy in the military sphere, above all the easy optimism of the general public since Russia came into the war on our side—these are obvious shortcomings of the national war effort. What is less obvious perhaps, and more serious in the long run, is the blind spot in the Englishman's imagination that frequently screens from him the far-reaching effects of a particular train of action: our Achilles heel, indeed, I would suggest, is a congenital inability to enter into the mental processes of "foreigners," to see ourselves as others see us. Have we ever stopped to realize, for instance, what it means that, with the exception of outlying Turkey and Portugal, there is not one country on the Continent to-day where Britain and the cause for which she stands can be freely championed? (Sweden and Switzerland, though not under the yoke, suffer from the inhibitions of "neutrality.") Everywhere press and radio play—and in many cases have played for some 18 months—one unceasing record, their master's voice. Against this chronic barrage of tendentious news and unfriendly comment our only reply consists in the much-jammed foreign language bulletins of the B.B.C. (now at last available on the long-wave)—with Colonel Bramble metamorphosed into Colonel Britton—and, in France or Belgium, for example, the clandestine press. It is essential that we British should ponder upon the long-range effect of this smothering of democracy's voice in Europe. The consequences are only too visible here and now in the policy and behaviour of the ruling elements in Vichy France.

Six months ago in a statement to the press of occupied France,*Admiral Darlan attacked Britain and British policy in terms so abusive and challenging as to foreshadow an immediate participation of Vichy France in German plans to seal the Western Mediterranean and wreak havoc in our Atlantic approaches. That statement, which included the charge that

*See also an interview given to Henri Beraud in *Gringoire*, May 27, 1941.

Britain's only aim was to destroy the sea-power of France and to separate the Motherland from her colonial empire, should be recalled to-day as the most explicit motivation of the policy now being pursued by the Pétain Government. After giving a long list of "British acts of piracy against France" culminating in the bombing of Sfax (Tunisia) by the R.A.F. the Admiral declared:

> I am more than ever determined to secure respect for France's right to dispose freely of her ports and her lines of communication . . .

Nothing happened, however, at the time. The impetuous Gascon had anticipated his cue. Germany's "Constructive Plan for a New Order in Europe" was nowhere near ready, and her Japanese ally was still busy weaving her strategic web. France herself, that is to say the French people, required further doses of chloroform. Hitler and Mussolini were meeting the same day (June 2), as it happened, to make the final arrangements for the onslaught on Russia; and it did not yet suit Hitler to elbow his Italian confederate aside. For all these reasons, and, too, perhaps, because President Roosevelt's "fireside talk" of May 27 revealed an American policy much more forthright and positive than he had bargained for, Hitler decided that his African plans must wait.

But do we realize now what we are up against? Because in the early months of 1941 the intensified attacks on British shipping had failed to "starve us out" there was a tendency over here to sit back and assume, complacently, that once again sea power had shown up the inadequacy of a mere "Continental system." We comforted ourselves with the thought that, so long as Britain rules the seas, the conqueror of Europe is at the same time its prisoner. Those who—before Norway—had talked of the "cornered maniac" began to raise their voices again. But this was seriously to underrate the range and dimensions of the German challenge. Nazi strategy has all along been conceived in terms of world and not merely European domination: "world mastery or we go under" was no mere figure of speech. The German attitude is expressed in these words from a recent editorial in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

> Even though we in Germany may have no desire to control the seven seas, we are determined, in spite of Roosevelt, to obtain in the course of this war sufficient command of the seas to ensure the gradual weakening, and eventual eclipse, of British naval power. Meanwhile the military position of the Axis Powers on land will become more and more unassailable. Anglo-Saxon sea-power will be crippled by our

Continental block, and our influence will extend far enough from our coasts to settle in our favour the vexed question of "Sea-power versus Continental power."

The plan reflects the theories of Professor Haushofer and his "geo-politics" school in Munich of a huge land-mass covering Europe and a considerable tract of Asia, the Eurasian heartland, self-supporting in all but tropical products, the latter being procured from the African extension of Europe—with enough sea and air power to ward off any intruders. Consequently the attack on Russia was never an *alternative* to invasion of the British Isles, it was central to the whole grandiose scheme. And, coming when it did, it was designed to bring substantial psychological advantages, to foster the *mystique* of a Europe united by Germany against the common danger of what Hitler in his hysterical rhetoric now calls the "mongol hordes." His instinct for Europe did not deceive him. As Catholic writers in *The Tablet* and elsewhere do well to remind us, the feeling about Russia and Communism on the Continent is far more deeply ingrained than in the easy-going "Anglo-Saxon" countries. It is a potent weapon, for instance, in the harnessing of Pétain's France to the German war-machine.

The campaign in Russia has certainly not gone according to plan. Nevertheless, the strategic purpose in the narrow sense will have been achieved if Russia is pinned down, if her power to take the offensive is crippled. Hitler counts on the threat from Japan to immobilize the enemy on the Eastern front, while he resumes the preparations of six months ago for the Battle of Africa. Before enforcing his demands on Spain and Portugal, however, essential pawns in the Atlantic offensive, he must first make sure that the French in Africa have provided free passage. And so the spotlight shifts to the battle for France. It is not just a question of whether Hitler is going to get the necessary facilities for transporting supplies to Tunisia in time to foil the British attempt to secure mastery in Libya. So much will probably have been achieved before this article appears. What is at stake is the whole question of Anglo-American sea control in the South Atlantic—and the indispensable air route for supplies to the Middle East from Bathurst (in British Gambia) and Lagos. For, granted the necessary naval support from France, the Germans can work untold mischief in Africa,* at the same time bringing pressure

*cf. *Watch over Africa*, by Denis Saurat (Dent) and an article by the same author, "Germany and Africa," in the *Sunday Times*, July 20, 1941.

to bear on South America and the United States' Atlantic defences, to coincide with the Japanese onslaught in the Pacific. It is an appalling prospect, but it is a prospect that must be faced because such a purpose is implicit in the German ambition of world conquest. Against this background the policy of paltering with Vichy France, to which London and Washington have been committed, just looks silly; and the negligence of local commanders in failing to give adequate support to the de Gaulle expedition at Dakar in September, 1940, stands revealed as one of the biggest blunders of the war.

"Geography ordains," M. André Labarthe, the brilliant young editor of *La France Libre*, has reminded us, "that in a world conflict like the present France should occupy a pivotal position in the war strategy; all lines of communication . . . . pass through some part or other of the French Empire." The lesson has been driven home by events in Indo-China and in Syria. Yet, on the most charitable view, the men in charge of French destinies since the capitulation have seemed unaware of the fatal logic of their own craven actions. Atrophied by defeat and defeatism they spurned the suggestion that France should maintain a self-respecting independence through a Government operating from North Africa; fortunately General Gaulle and his followers have provided not merely a rallying-point but have, through their occupation of the Chad and other territories in Central Africa, fastened on the jugular vein of the whole African Continent. Obsessed by the man-power shortage and diminishing birth-rate of European France by the side of mighty Germany, thinking in purely Continental terms, these "little minds" clung to the idea —I quote from M. Labarthe—"that France could recover from defeat and the consequences of defeat by withdrawal from the world in order to preserve a reduced patrimony." Intent on their anti-democratic "revolution" whose object would be to rebuild a Catholic and rural civilization damming the "Communist" floods released by industrialism, they did not see, apparently, that in the process they were emptying the baby out with the bath water, indeed by way of sacrificing the soul of France itself. Events, in their fateful majesty, have shown up crystal-clear what M. Labarthe calls the "total and absolute error" of the arguments on which the men of Vichy based their surrender.

The initial assumption was, of course, that Britain would likewise be suing for peace in the summer or autumn of 1940. So little were *les chefs* alive to the world-wide nature of the

conflict, apparently, that it was not until September 4, 1940, that Marshal Pétain addressed any message to "France overseas." When the R.A.F. repelled the onslaught of the *Luftwaffe* and German hopes of finishing off the war quickly were dispelled, loyalty to the conquerors, in the words of M. Baudouin, had to give place to "collaboration." But in the meantime ordinary French men and women were recovering from the collective numbness that afflicted them following the military disasters of May and June and began to cherish hopes of liberation from the Axis yoke. It was necessary therefore to combine the positive aim of staking out the claims of France in a future German-controlled Europe with the negative object of maintaining a simulacrum of independence on the part of the unoccupied provinces and the French Empire. Above all, the fetish of Pétain, the man of peace, must be upheld: in contrast with that of Clemenceau the aged Marshal's watchword might well be—*je fais la paix*. This dualism of policy was in fact inevitable in the whole Vichy position; adopted in the first place for reasons of domestic policy it has, one fears, by its very ambiguity served Hitler's purpose admirably. The innocents at home and abroad were bulldozed into believing what they wished to believe, while the conquerors were given valuable time in which to bind "captive" France in chains and prepare for the conquest of Africa. Once again we have seen at work Hitler's technique, as expounded in *Mein Kampf*, of treating the victim to successive doses of humiliation which he would never stomach if he had to swallow them in one gulp. Laval first, then Darlan, Benoist-Mechin and the rest, tutored by M. Fernand de Brinon, French "ambassador" to Paris (the very title proclaims the shame of Vichy) have been the willing instruments of this treatment; the octogenarian Pétain needed only to be flattered and fed upon the illusion (which had inspired his whole pre-war attitude) that by abandoning Central and Eastern Europe to the *Reich* France would be allowed to maintain her ascendancy in the West, with leadership of the Catholic-Latin *bloc* dear to his heart. "European crusade against Bolshevism" was the trump card which the Germans were keeping up their sleeve.

The actual results of the Pétain-Göring conversations at Saint Florentin-Versigny have not been divulged when I write. But there is sufficient evidence in the reports to suggest that they have marked a further stage in the Vichy policy of all aid to the Axis short of war or, as M. Jean Luchaire terms it—"military neutrality tinged with Europeanism." The enemy

will have the use of naval and air bases in North Africa—and Darlan has presumably contrived to "square" Mussolini by lease-lending Bizerta to the Italians 'for the duration.' All available French tonnage in the Mediterranean has already been requisitioned for the transport of supplies to General Rommel's hard-pressed troops. It is thought that this will surely provoke Britain to hostile action which can be represented as aggression against the integrity of France and her empire—then and only then will Hitler make his bid for the French fleet. The suggestion that French West Africa shall be regarded for the present as "a zone of Franco-Spanish defence" chimes with the Marshal's own stipulation, voiced early last year, that any possible territorial adjustment in favour of Spain was a matter for negotiation between the French and Spanish Governments alone: and it might also have been conceived as a soporific for the Americans. Actually, Washington's reaction to the dismissal of Weygand suggests that the State Department has at last shed its illusions about Vichy; the only question is whether President Roosevelt has not left it too late to assert, with armed force, American interest in Dakar and the whole African bulge as an outpost of the national security. Japanese intervention in the war must be regarded as yet another instance of Hitler's perfect timing of his strokes.

To appreciate why we must expect the worst of France under her present rulers—and perhaps to dispel any lurking illusions in high places—one has only to consider the trajectory of Vichy's degradation since the beginning of 1941. The Germans had chosen well their man, the ambitious Darlan (who took over the Ministry of the Interior on January 3 and replaced Flandin as Foreign Minister and Minister for Economic Affairs on February 9) and an official announcement was made that the Montoire policy—of collaboration with Germany within the terms of the Armistice was to be given a "new reality." A fortnight later, after being forced to meet Laval and issue a statement that the "misunderstandings" that had led to his extrusion from the Cabinet had now been dissipated, Pétain declared in an interview for the American press that France—

> intends to associate herself with the organization of the Continent and co-operate loyally in the hope of establishing a solid and durable peace in Europe . . .

Evidently the old man was 'coming along.' But at the same time the official spokesman in Vichy was deputed to affirm that "she will insist on full observance of the Armistice terms"

and that "it must be perfectly understood that we continue to assume the safety of the Empire overseas." On the face of it, and precisely because of the success of General Wavell's offensive in Libya, Vichy was in a better position to bargain than in the autumn. There was always the threat that German forces would extend their occupation to the whole of France—which would mean the end of Pétain's "national revolution" enterprise; and Hitler still had his hostages in the shape of the million and a half French prisoners-of-war. Six months of German occupation, however, had destroyed any shreds of good will among the population of the occupied zone, and the Germans did not want trouble, with the Balkans campaign on their hands and the roseate visions of the "new order" that were to be conjured up. French friendship, if it could be obtained, was likely to be worth much more to Hitler than, for example, the Italian alliance, which was rapidly becoming a distinct liability. So the watchword, on the German side, was still—conciliation. And German propaganda was switched on to encouraging the idea of a Latin *bloc*, so dear to Frenchmen of the Right: a common Mediterranean policy uniting France, Spain and Italy—under Germany's protection, needless to say—to destroy the last remnants of British power and influence on the Continent.

More particularly it chimed with the rooted conviction of Admiral Darlan and his naval colleagues that France's overseas destiny, her future as a Mediterranean Power, depended on the extrusion of Britain from the Middle Sea. 'Trafalgar must be avenged; only thus would France retain her due share in the European nations condominium over Africa.' (The tradition of the fleet in France, in the upper deck, is, of course, one of hostility and combat against Britain). This was the period, then, when the new policy of active participation in Germany's designs, of which we are witnessing the fruits to-day, was first signalled. Count Fernand de Brinon was put up to spread the idea:

> If we believe that Britain has lost the war we should come to an agreement with Germany about collaboration in Africa. It would be to our advantage, at a time when British influence is collapsing, to associate in the minds of those peoples who are sensitive to force the old prestige of France and the prestige of victorious Germany.

Two months later (in May) he returned to the charge on the Paris radio with a specific reference—"North Africa is a prolongation of Europe. It has a vital part to play in Europe's reconstruction." Meanwhile the newspapers took up the

theme which was continually being played in the Spanish press that economic privations were all due to the British blockade —although actually, not least out of deference to United States wishes, our Ministry of Economic Warfare was dealing very leniently with French merchant shipping, especially the traffic with North Africa, which was in fact benefiting the Nazis substantially. And meanwhile Marshal Pétain was usefully disarming criticism by his reiterated declarations that "it is a matter of honour for us to do nothing against our former ally." To Admiral Leahy, U.S. Ambassador, who conveyed a warning message from President Roosevelt, he was reported, however, to have repeated his conviction that the war was lost for Britain and there was nothing to be done about it: it was the old refrain: "We French think in terms of continental policies, and the Germans are masters of the Continent." Comparing his position with that of the Belgian king he would hold out no hope of resistance to German demands; but that did not stop him instructing M. Henry-Haye in Washington to renew the pledge that France would not surrender her fleet or the colonial empire.

The outbursts by Admiral Darlan, to which I have alluded, told a different story. Negotiations for a 'peace agreement' superseding the Armistice were in full spate. Darlan broadcast from Paris on May 23 promising details but in fact giving no indication of what had been agreed. All that emerged was that economic bonds were being drawn tighter, collaboration being extended to the whole country and the North African territories developed in concert with the Axis Powers. Then, on June 4, a strict censorship was clamped down upon all press dispatches concerning Franco-German dealings. The outside world could only guess that some new grave step was contemplated from the resignation of French Embassy officials in Ankara "because Darlan had broken his promises and compromised the future of the French Empire . . . and was acting contrary to the wishes of the people"—and from the terms of a formal statement issued by Mr. Cordell Hull in Washington. The tragedy of Syria followed, and the French people, we should remember, were regaled all the time by Vichy with the German version of events. To a further admonition in a public statement by Mr. Sumner Welles, following the cession to Japan of bases in Indo-China, Vichy replied with the usual bland assurances, which were straightaway belied by Marshal Pétain himself in his big speech of August 12.

Whether in the meantime the fanfares of the Russian cam-

paign and the revival of the anti-Red fervour of his period as Ambassador in Spain had been too much for the old man and had overborne his surviving scruples we do not know. But now he was prepared publicly to announce that the Government wanted to pass on from the Armistice stage "to more stable bonds without which the European order cannot be built up again." "France must know how to orientate herself towards a larger horizon which a reconciled Continent can open up to her activities . . . she must change the régime of yesterday, taking heed of Spain's experience . . ." The appointment of Darlan as Minister of National and Empire Defence set the seal on the new, more positive policy.

Yes, that speech gave the game away. It was remarkable, too, for its admissions that the chief, indeed the only obstacle, was the resistance of the French people: the adversaries of collaboration, he said, must be "decimated," 'the "national revolution" had not yet become a fact.' From that moment the battle for France was joined.

In the material sense Vichy's record is certainly one of failure. After a year and more of "collaboration" France has secured nothing beyond the release of 100,000 of the prisoners-of-war and the reduction of the occupation costs from 400,000,000 to 300,000,000 francs a day. She is being bled white to feed German bellies and the German war-machine: every month she has to send to the *Reich* some 4,000 cattle, 14,900,000 bottles of champagne, 80 per cent. of her wine harvest and all her wine reserve, quantities of cheese, potatoes, sugar-beet, wheat and fruit. Spiritually the régime is bankrupt. For all its efforts and prating of "the Legion" the Government group has failed to secure any mass-support for the imitation-Fascism to which it is committed. The issue is now so patently 'for or against Germany' that the credit on which it could draw last year for promising to have done with rottenness and corruption of the *République des Camarades* has long since been exhausted; no new constitutional structure has in fact been established. Since August we have seen how the true spirit of France is asserting itself—in sabotage, assaults and a constant harrying of the oppressors. And the only reply this régime can make is to impose the severest police measures, to institute special courts—and blame it all on the "freemasons," "Communists," "de Gaullists," and, of course, British gold. But in a country like France punitive action on this scale defeats itself. With their profound sense of human dignity the French are the last

nation to put up with dragooning. If Frenchmen are going to be liable to penalties for the crime of being anti-German, Darlan's new police force will be arresting 90 per cent. of the population—all except "that small clique whose public careers depend upon a German victory," to use Mr. Churchill's words in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

The dismissal of Generàl Weygand has brought things to a head. So far the only manifest result has been the decision of General Odic, former Chief of Staff of the Air Force, to join up with the Free French, and the resignation of the Assistant Naval Attaché in Washington. The terms of the statement issued by the man who formerly held command over the air force in North Africa (under Weygand's direction), however, reflect what the majority of the French Army leaders are thinking. Even the Admirals are not all prepared to stand for Darlan's policy of subservience: at the beginning of September Admiral Le Luc, Chief of Naval Operations (and French Naval representative on the Armistice Commission) was removed from his post, presumably because he opposed the granting of facilities at Bizerta. And it is at least doubtful whether junior officers and the lower deck will be prepared to serve in a navy patently under German control. A firm stand by colonial officers and civil servants may yet baulk the best-laid schemes of Hitler's catspaws. And—in Kipling's pregnant words—the people "has not spoken yet."

One word of warning, however, is in place. The feeling in France is essentially anti-German; it is not pro-British. A constant stream of propaganda has had its effect: and indeed there was only too much truth in Darlan's charges* that:

> From 1919 to 1936 Britain did everything to prevent France from benefiting by her victory. Through the League of Nations she always sought to weaken us militarily and upheld German claims. The principle of equality of rights was her battle-cry, but she took good care not to apply it when it came to naval affairs . . . .

and so on.

The beneficiary is—and will be—the de Gaulle movement, which has proved itself, and, since it is in fact doing the job that an independent French Government operating from Africa should have done from June, 1940, onwards, has come to be recognized as the symbol of liberation. (It was admitted by a certain M. Charles Guy broadcasting from Radio Paris on November 17 that for that very reason *une large section du public est de coeur avec eux.*) When, ultimately, the combined resources of the three genuinely world Powers—Britain,

U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. have achieved victory, Free France represented by de Gaulle will be there to safeguard French interests. Our business will be to remain as inconspicuous as possible, while taking our share in the joint guarantee of French security that we shirked last time, with such terrible results. Behind that shield France will have to work out her own political salvation, to build the bridges between *le rouge et le noir*, the Right and the Left, between the Catholic tradition of authority and the " revolutionary " tradition of liberty, for lack of which she has been brought to her present plight. It may take a long time, during which France's rôle in the new Europe will be a secondary one. But at least there is one consolation; she will be able to start from scratch. For the old parties of the inter-war period, each of which has contributed its quota of defeatists and traitors, still more the reactionaries and 'friends of Germany' and attendant time-servers—all these will have been utterly discredited, and the present period of purgatory will not have been in vain.

*Interview in *Gringoire*, mentioned above.

THE JAPANESE AND THEIR RULERS

By O. M. Green

IT is significant and, as far as memory goes, without parallel, that Japan's declaration of war came, not from the Government, but from the High Military Command. We can be fairly sure that there are plenty of Japanese in high places (names could be mentioned if it were not actually dangerous for their owners to do so) who never wished for the war. But the Army has spoken, overriding all opposition and demonstrating its omnipotence to its own people as to the world by issuing the declaration in its own name.

In passing, it is clear that from the Army's point of view the outlook had become pretty desperate. If Great Britain and Russia backed by America won in Europe, all their dreams of a Greater East Asia full of docile serfs working for Japan were done for. There could be no more appearing to retreat in order to advance again at the favourable moment, as for instance at the Washington Conference when, under the weight of international displeasure, Japan returned to China the former German possessions in Shantung. All the plunder amassed in the past ten years she would be made to disgorge.

On the other hand, if Hitler came out on top, Japan had had enough experience of his perfidy to know that he would never allow her to monopolize all the riches of East Asia, with notices, " No foreigners admitted " on all the doors. The only course was to plunge into a mad gamble to win or lose everything at one stroke. And again and again the Japanese people were told that " Japan is at the cross-roads " and that she " is faced with the direst crisis in her history."

So far as General Tojo and his friends are concerned, " the 17th century-minded daimyos," the Black Dragon Society, the fire-eating " Young Officer " class and all the associations of fervent patriots that have sprung up in recent years, that is true enough. But the position of the Japanese people, the millions of farmers, shopkeepers, small industrialists and factory hands, is very different. For them it may well be that one arm of those cross-roads points to the dawn of a freedom such as they have never known.

It is no exaggeration to say that the present rulers of Japan are as much the enemies of the Japanese people as they are of every nation that stands in the way of their ambition.

Since the seizure of Manchuria nothing has been plainer than that the granting of a Constitution with Houses of Parliament and ballot boxes in 1889 changed nothing in Japan's political and social structure except the name. A feudalism Japan had been for over 2,000 years and a feudalism she remained, with the additional rigidity imparted by the powers of the new bureaucracy, the dominance over all trade, industry, banking and shipping of half-a-dozen huge syndicates and, worst of all, the unique privileges of the Army and Navy. The latter were partly constitutional, but solidified by Marshal Yamagata. The Army and Navy were made responsible to the Emperor alone, to whom they had access at all times (the Premier must ask for an audience; the chief Generals and Admirals walk in) and their right to appoint or withdraw the Minister of War and Navy as they please enables them to dictate the formation and policy of every Government.*

A potent instrument for strengthening the military grip on affairs has been the creed of the Emperor's divinity. In the reign of the great Meiji Emperor this legend was not specially prominent, certainly not in its present political bearing; and during the 1920's it became distinctly perfunctory. Those were the years when a wave of liberalism swept Japan, when commoner Premiers fought their way to the top as they do in western democracies; and when the Diet, backed for their own purposes by the big financial syndicates, seemed on the road to become a real power in the State. Part of the Army's motive in swooping on Manchuria in 1931 was to regain the mastery over a domestic movement which it both hated and feared.

Once again in the saddle the Army resuscitated the cult of Emperor-worship and drilled it into the nation with an intensity which in these days seems almost unbelievable. In every school is a safe containing a portrait of the Emperor before which the pupils daily abase themselves: the picture itself is only exhibited on great days. And visitors to Tokyo from the provinces must go first of all to the imperial palace to worship before its mystic walls. The Emperor himself is rarely seen, the Army posing before the nation as interpreter of the divine will, whereout "suck they no small advantage." Readers will remember a vivid description in the July, 1941, FORTNIGHTLY of the strictness of the Emperor's incarceration,

*For example, in January, 1937, General Ugaki was ordered by the Emperor to form a Government. The Army disliked his liberal ideas and refused to co-operate with him. After struggling for a week he had to go to the Emperor and ask permission to give up the attempt.

proof of which, if it were needed, may be found in the Imperial Rescript issued on the declaration of war. Here are a few typical sentences:—

> It has been truly unavoidable and far from our wishes that our Empire has now been brought to cross swords with America and Britain. More than four years have passed *since China, failing to comprehend the true intentions of our Empire and recklessly courting trouble, disturbed the peace of Eastern Asia.* . . .
>
> *Eager for the realization of their inordinate ambition to dominate the Orient, both America and Britain*, in giving support to the Chungking régime, *have aggravated the disturbances in Eastern Asia.* Moreover, these two Powers, inducing other countries to follow suit, have increased military preparations on all sides of our Empire to challenge us. They have obstructed by every means our peaceful commerce, and finally have resorted to the direct severance of economic relations, menacing gravely the existence of our Empire.
>
> *Patiently have we waited and long have we endured in the hope that our Government might retrieve the situation in peace.* But our adversaries, showing not the least spirit of conciliation, have unduly delayed a settlement, and in the meantime they have intensified economic and political pressure to compel our Empire to submission.

Almost word for word these terribly false and hypocritical sentences especially the parts italicized, are repetitions of speeches recently made by General Tojo and other Ministers. It is inconceivable that the Emperor would have fathered them, if he had had any true knowledge of all that has happened in the past ten years. But though we are told that he assiduously reads the papers, it must be remembered that the papers only publish what the Army allows.

Like their Emperor the Japanese people are prisoners. They have never known any freedom nor possessed any rights connoted by the word. Except during the 1920's, there has never been any trace of a democratic tendency in Japan. The old Chinese Imperial Edicts invariably ended with the words, "Tremble and obey." Yet in fact the Chinese people exercised a large measure of self-government; guilds in every calling protected them from the rapacity of officials; and when the Emperor ceased to devote himself to the people's welfare, on which his claim to exercise the "Mandate of Heaven" as ruler strictly depended, the people's constitutional right to rebel against him was as old as Mencius. No such safeguards of public liberty exist in Japan even in principle, still less in practice. From time immemorial the samurai has ever been top dog, and the people's duty only to do as they are told and to minister to the needs of their betters.

Readers will remember how in July, 1940, Mr. Melville Cox,

Reuter's correspondent in Tokyo, was arrested and so tortured by the police that in his frenzy he jumped out of the window and was killed. That, in fact, was nothing out of the way. Even members of the Diet are not safe from the tyranny of the police, which Germany itself cannot excel. Yet redress or reform are beyond attainment in spite of many protests.

Or take the case of the farmers who constitute 57 per cent. of the population. As far back as the eighth century one reads of reformers endeavouring to relieve them from the burden of unequal taxation, absentee landlordism, cheating middlemen and accumulating debt, but nothing has ever been done for them. It is from the farmers' families that the factories and brothels regularly draw their recruits, and both those industries are far too important to permit of reforms which might improve the farmer's lot and thus dry up the supply of female flesh.

It would be unfair and inaccurate not to recognize that there are many Japanese who deeply deplore the condition in which Japan finds herself, who hate the tyranny of the Army, looking back with sad regret on the hopes born in the 1920's of a new representation of the people's interests in the national administration, and who would never have agreed to Japan's challenging Great Britain and the United States if they had been able to stop it. But it would be equally deceptive to imagine that, being in the war, these men will not go through with it to the bitter end partly because of the intense Japanese clannishness, partly because there now appears no other way that offers any chance of securing Japan's future.

And in that word "securing" lies the basis of all Japanese policy for forty years past. Again and again as one looks back one finds this nervous grasping after security as the main motif in ministerial speeches. The Japanese are perpetually haunted by imaginary terrors. Not improbably this is the unconscious outcome of the volcanic nature of the soil they live on, which is annually shaken, on an average, by 1,800 earthquakes: there is a terrible legend that some day Japan will slip bodily down from the cliff-like edge of Asia—for the sea between her and the mainland is a comparatively shallow pond—into the depths of the Pacific. But Japanese imagination has never been wanting for material bogeys—Russia in 1904, China's growing prosperity in 1937, and recently the supposed designs of Great Britain and America to encircle and destroy.

A more tangible background for this craving for security and one on which, if her rulers had not been what they are,

Japan would have been entitled to sympathy, is her dependence on other nations for raw materials. She is the only great industrial Power which has to import practically all the materials needed by her industries. Her own reserves of iron ore are but little more than what the United States mines in a single year. There are more copious fields of ore in Manchuria, but the content of iron is very low, in general not more than 35 to 40 per cent. Similar deposits in America are not thought worth working. There are better deposits in Chahar, Inner Mongolia, which is now held by Japan, and in the central Yangtze Valley; but in both directions the activities of Chinese guerrillas considerably hamper production and transportation. For the same reason Japan has been disappointed of the quantities of coal and cotton which she expected to get from China. Her own deposits of coal are better than those of iron, furnishing some nine-tenths of her needs. But she is very short of coking coal necessary for the production of steel and iron, though China is well provided. In respect of cotton the rapid decline in China's production since the war began has been the subject of anxious discussions by the Osaka manufacturers. But the success of the Chinese guerrillas in persuading farmers to grow grain instead of cotton and in uprooting cotton fields where they are found still causes the output to decline. In any case, Japan grows no cotton herself, and for the best of her supply has depended on America and India. The wool with which in recent years she had built up a lucrative industry she obtained entirely from Australia and the Cape. Great efforts have been made by the Japanese to develop the production of wool in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, but the results have been very poor.

Of non-ferrous metals Japan is best off in copper, although even thus she has to import about a fifth of what she needs. Of tin, lead, zinc and manganese she only produces from a tenth to at best a half of her consumption. For aluminium, antimony and nickle she depends entirely on the outside world. Her mountain streams and waterfalls provide her with an abundance of hydro-electric power, but that will not drive ships and aeroplanes. And of the oil she uses, what she obtains from shale in Manchuria and from the wells in Southern Saghalien* do not amount to a third of her annual requirements.

*The northern half of this island belongs to Russia, and Japan's eager desire to prospect in it for oil is one of the old never settled "questions" between Japan and Russia.

The list of things that Japan must have and can only get from abroad might be continued indefinitely—wheat, sugar, rice, rubber, materials for the chemical fertilizer so urgently necessary for her intensified agriculture, hides, wood pulp for the rayon industry, and machine tools. This article is not concerned with the effects of the freezing of Japanese credits by America, ourselves and the Dutch on Japan's exports—with the consequent total cessation of her 400,000,000 yen sales of cotton goods to the British Empire and 500,000,000 worth of silk sold to America for instance—except to indicate, in conjunction with her dependence on imports, how terrible a weapon blockade is against Japan. Some commodities she will be getting from Indo-China and Thailand, rice and rubber, some iron and zinc, but there will still be a long list to fill up, especially oil.

It is to be remembered that the freezing of credits has only been in force since the end of last July, and closely as Japan tries to keep her secrets there is plenty of reliable information as to the severity with which it is already pressing upon her. The bulk of Japan's industry is performed by little firms employing under ten workers each: the big syndicates supply them with raw materials and undertake the marketing of their manufactures. The reason for this is that the Japanese factory law regulating hours and conditions of labour does not apply to firms that employ under ten hands. Consequently little firms can and do work their employees for intolerably long hours under the worst conditions of pay and surroundings. This was the explanation of Japan's ability to sell her exports so cheaply, but it is also the source of so large a " C.3 class " that some 40 per cent. of men called to the colours have to be rejected. Under the stress of enforced work and lowered standards of living since the war with China began the increase of tuberculosis and of accidents in factories have called for a special Government enquiry and the inauguration of an " anti-tuberculosis campaign," which is not likely to have much success so long as the one essential ingredient—peace and a better livelihood for the people—is withheld.

There is much evidence from Britons and Americans recently evacuated from Japan that the severe restrictions on all sides of life, the food reductions below the subsistence level, crushing taxation and on top of all the economic blockade, which has thrown hundreds of thousands of small manufacturers and their employees out of work, have already bred deep discontent among the Japanese masses. Even a year ago there

were trustworthy reports to the same effect. Yet in imposing new taxation last November calculated to bring in another 2,000 million yen, Mr. Kaya, the Finance Minister, said that the Government's aim was still further to cut down the standard of living so that people should have more to put into national loans.

It is believed and may well be true that General Tojo and his fellow-extremists have rushed Japan into the world war precisely because of the rising tide of popular anger at the misfortunes they have brought on Japan in the last four-and-a-half years. Let it not be forgotten that by conservative estimates the Japanese dead in China amount to fully a million and still the daily drain on life goes on. Behind the fanaticism of the Young Officers dreaming of Japanese glory, there is in the High Military Command a cool calculating brain far more concerned about its own position in the nation. Hence the tyrant's old device of war, with the hope of snatching some glittering prize which will silence the critics of his own misdeeds.

We come back to what was said above, namely that the present controllers of Japanese destinies are as much the enemies of their own people as of others. Obviously they must be smashed in the interests of both; but that, however effected, whether by external conquest or internal revolution, leaves the questions glanced at in this article still unsolved. All Japanese alike, whether they were against the war or for it, are imbued with a deep sense of grievance intensified by the rejection of their request at the Paris Conference that the principle of racial equality should be embodied in the League Covenant, that Japan is one of the "have nots" deliberately kept in poverty by the "haves." The absurdity of this delusion as one looks back on Japan's enormous commercial growth in pre-war years does not alter its influence on the Japanese, a virile, active people who breed like rabbits. We shall, presumably, put an army of occupation into Germany after the war until the poison of Hitlerism and Prussianism is eliminated and the Germans have thoroughly learnt that brigandage does not pay. But Japan is too far away for such measures to be expected in her case and unless something can be done to mollify her grievances, there will be more "17th century-minded daimyos," more Tojos and Matsuokas and Young Officers within fifty years.

Unfortunately the above-named gentry have done everything they possibly can to baulk a solution of this question.

Before the seizure of Manchuria, even before the beginning of the present war, Japan was in a fair way to dominate trade and industry in China, in which respect geography gave her indisputable advantages over every other nation. Her mills at Tsingtao (destroyed by the Chinese before they got out in December, 1937) represented £12,000,000. The best of the factories at Shanghai and Tientsin were hers, and her ships were at every Chinese port. If she had not made war on China, the latter would have been very unlikely to interfere seriously with this situation. But now the barbarism of Japanese armies has bred such hatred of the very name of Japan among the Chinese that their appetite for trading with her is likely to be small for many coming years. Incidentally, if all accounts are true, no Chinese more thoroughly detest the Japanese than those who have tried to work with them in their puppet governments. Among the Koreans, though they are militarily impotent, irredentism burns as hotly as ever. How effectually India is roused against Japan is shown by the recent memorable admission of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru himself that the forces of progress are represented by Great Britain, America, Russia and China, and that isolated nationalism for India is dead. Indo-China and Thailand have had to submit to Japan, but we can be sure that they hate her cordially. Wherever the Japanese go, even as colonists, they have a unique faculty for getting themselves disliked.

Primarily Japan is a question for the Asiatic peoples, among whom the tide of nationalism set in motion by the last war will be enormously accelerated by this one. But whether their own resulting problems will leave them much time or sympathy to assist Japan in hers, is doubtful. It may be that defeat will work what revivalists used to call a "change of heart" in the Japanese, enabling them to live in their islands dealing peaceably with their neighbours on normal terms of buying and selling. But to expect that is to look for a miracle undoing all the training and traditions of the past 300 years. One of the greatest obstacles in dealing with the Japanese is that they are literally incapable of seeing any point of view but their own. Among all the problems awaiting the world when peace returns, by no means the smallest will be that of the Japanese and their rulers.

THE YUGOSLAV REVOLT

By C. F. Melville

AFTER suffering what seemed at the time to be a defeat both crushing and final, Yugoslavia has risen against its invaders with such force and purpose that it is now well on the way to creating a potential "third front" for the Allies against the Axis. The revival of her resistance, and the conflicting interests and ambitions of the occupying Powers, have between them created a situation in which Hitler's New Balkan Order is fast disintegrating into the New Balkan Disorder.

Hitler and Mussolini are behaving in the Balkans like two gangsters who, while they war together on Society, nevertheless regard each other with the most acute suspicion. This applies also to their satellites, Hungary, Bulgaria, the Quisling régimes of Pavelitch in Croatia, and of Neditch in Serbia. The conflict of interests between Germany and Italy is demonstrated by the fact that whereas the former wants to leave the territorial situation fluid, the latter wants to have it definitely fixed. This is clearly shewn by the maps of dismembered Yugoslavia which have been produced recently in Berlin and Rome. The German maps show the carved up provinces of Yugoslavia as "occupied territories." The Italian maps show them as "annexed territories." Hitler perfers to regard the new frontiers and divisions as being of a provisional nature, which he may change whenever it suits his purpose. By these means he is able to keep both the subjugated peoples and his own allies in a perpetual state of uncertainty, and it gives him the opportunity to play off one against the other to his own advantage. It is the time-honoured technique of "divide and rule." Mussolini, on the other hand, being aware of his partner's technique, and fearing, not without reason, that at any moment he may find himself double-crossed by Hitler, is anxious to give the present territorial settlement as permanent a status as possible. Otherwise Hitler might take away Yugoslav territories at present in Italian occupation, or under the rule of Italy's puppets, and attach them to Germany,

or otherwise dispose of them to suit Germany's own interests.

An example of the Hitlerian method is afforded by his attitude towards the Quisling régimes in Croatia and Serbia. To Pavelitch, in Zagreb, he says, in effect: "Do as I tell you, and perhaps I will reward you by taking away some more territory from Serbia and attaching it to Croatia." And to Neditch in Belgrade, he offers as the bribe for future services to be rendered, promises to take away territory from Croatia and incorporate it in Serbia. Recently he has been known to say to Neditch, in so many words: "Crush the Serbian patriotic revolt, and I will reward you by detaching Bosnia from Croatia and rejoining it to Serbia." This policy serves a number of purposes. It keeps Mussolini guessing. It increases the German hold on both Croatia and Serbia. At the same time it is calculated to sow the seeds of hatred between the Serbs and Croats with a view to preventing them from coming together again to make common cause against the Axis.

Balkan territorial divisions also figure in the bargaining which takes place from time to time between Hitler and Mussolini in regard to the Russian front. Hitler frequently admonishes Mussolini because the quota of Italian troops sent to participate in the Eastern campaign falls below the agreed figure. Whenever Mussolini is thus confronted with Hitler's demands for more Italian divisions to be sent to Russia, he invariably tries to make a Balkan bargain demanding an extension of the Italian sphere of interest in Yugoslavia in return for augmenting the Italian army in Russia.

Further evidence of conflicting Italo-German interests in Yugoslavia is to be found both in Croatia and Slovenia. Croatia is nominally under Italian protection. The Pavelitch régime is composed of Mussolini's hirelings, and the Italian army is in occupation of Croatia, under the guise of the "co-operation" of the Italian and Croatian armies. But although the Italian troops occupy the towns, the Germans maintain control of key-points such as aerodromes, waterworks and other public utilities of military value. Croatia has been converted into a "kingdom," and the Italian Duke of Spoleto has been made "king" under the title of "King Aymone." The "king," however, has as yet shewn no disposition to enter into his "kingdom." He is still in Italy. He is said to be waiting until the reconstruction of Croatia has been completed. As conditions in Croatia are becoming more and more chaotic, he is likely to have to wait a long time. Moreover, he is known to be opposed to assuming the Croatian crown so long as the

real masters of the country are the Germans. The situation in Croatia is chaotic because the "independent" Croatian state is a purely artificial creation which depends for its existence upon German and Italian bayonets, the Gestapo and the "Ustacha" (the murder organization headed by Pavelitch and his associates in the Croatian government). More than ninety per cent. of the Croatian people are opposed to Pavelitch and his Axis masters. They remain faithful to Dr. Matchek and the other leaders of the Peasant Party. Dr. Matchek and his colleagues are at present languishing in concentration camps, where they were incarcerated by the Nazis because Hitler feared their authority over the mass of the Croatian people. Their imprisonment, however, has had an effect exactly the opposite to that intended; for, if anything, it has increased the veneration in which they are held by the peasantry. And their last messages to their following were exhortations to remain faithful to the ideal of a united Yugoslavia.

The Pavelitch régime has the support, amongst the Croats, only of the *Ustacha*, a few careerists in the towns, and a handful of ideologues amongst the *Frankovtsi*. Many of the last named, formerly pro-Habsburgists, who jumped on to Hitler's band wagon in the fantastic hope that this might in some way or other lead to a return of the old *kaiserlich und königlich* dispensation, must already be undeceived and bitterly disappointed. The out-and-out supporters of Pavelitch, therefore, must by now be confined to the *Ustacha* gunmen, whose ranks have recently been augmented by Croatian *émigrés* from the U.S.A., hardened criminals who have been "wanted" by the American police for their part in gangster activities in Chicago and New York. Pavelitch and his *Ustacha* storm troopers persecute all those Croats who show resistance to the régime. Even more savage is the persecution of the Serbs in Croatia. Those who have not been murdered have been subject to mass expulsions to Serbia.

In Slovenia the situation is even more tragic. This province has not been given the outward trappings of autonomy. It has been carved up between Germany and Italy; the Germans having taken the northern part, with Maribor (now renamed Marburg) as the capital, and the Italians having taken the southern part, with Ljubliana as the capital. The part annexed by the Germans has been incorporated into the one-time Austrian Styria. But even in the territory taken by the Italians, the Germans have a finger in the pie. Italian troops may parade through the streets of Ljubliana, but the Germans

control the waterworks and other key points. The Slovene territory in German hands is being subjected to a process of the most intensive and brutal Germanization. The German aim seems to be the obliteration of the Slovene people. This is being done by a combination of mass murders and mass expulsions. Slovene culture, including the Slovene language, is being crushed out of existence. The schools are being closed and books in the language burned. A particularly savage campaign is being conducted against the priesthood, both on anti-Christian and on anti-Slovene grounds. In the Diocese of Maribor, twenty-three priests remain out of the original number of four hundred and seventy four. In the Diocese of Lljubliana, only seventeen remain out of two hundred and thirty five.

Twenty-six thousand Slovenes have been forcibly expelled to Serbia, and some eleven thousand have been driven into Croatia. In both places Germans have been settled. Twelve thousand have taken refuge in the Italian part of Slovenia. Ten thousand boys and girls have been sent to Germany to undergo forced labour. Another sixteen thousand have been sent to a living death in Poland. In the Lljubliana district alone, two hundred and fifty-one people have been shot as hostages. And not less than two hundred and fifteen girls have been placed in military brothels in Germany, their arms branded with the letters "F.M.M." (*Frei Militar Mädchen*).

In the Italian part of Slovenia the oppression is on the whole less brutal, although the recent faked trial at Trieste shows that the Fascists can, on occasion, be as cruel as their Nazi mentors. Cultural institutions have for the most part been left untouched, and the Slovene language is permitted. This, however, does not mean that Mussolini is being moved by humanitarian considerations. Political oppression is just as strong in the Italian as in the German occupied territories. The milder régime as regards the local culture is due to political considerations. The Italians are not certain about their future in the Balkans. Therefore they think that if they institute a milder régime than the Germans have done, they may perhaps be able to win over the Slovenes in the event of further territorial changes in the Balkans.

Both in Croatia and Slovenia there is resistance to the occupying Powers. The Nazis try to make out that this resistance is confined to the Communists. The Communists are certainly active in sabotage. But equally strong resistance comes from the Catholic organizations. In Slovenia, for

instance, there is a very strong Catholic youth organization which is heroically resisting the invaders. In the German part of Slovenia this movement numbers some two thousand. In the Italian part as much as seven thousand. In Serbia the resistance is taking the form of organized guerrilla warfare, carried out by the *Chetnics* under the command of Colonel Draja Mikhailovitch. The *Chetnics* have cleared the occupying forces out of large tracks of country in Serbia, Montenegro and Bosnia, and have organized extensive sabotage not only in Serbia but also in parts of Croatia and Slovenia. In districts where the *Chetnics* are active, the Italian army hardly dares to show its face and the Germans have been obliged to send entire army corps against them. But neither by these military means, nor by wholesale shootings of hostages have the Germans succeeded in putting down their resistance. Even such brutal acts as the obliteration of towns and villages by dive-bombing planes and by artillery have failed to shake the resolution of the Serbian patriots.

Germany's attempts to use political methods have also come to nothing. Hitler installed the Quisling government of General Milan Neditch in Belgrade in the hope that appeals from Serbs to Serbs might succeed where German force had failed. But the only result was the intensification of the *Chetnic* activity, which moreover, added the name of Neditch to its list of "traitors condemned to death."

General Neditch is in a different category of Quislingism from that of Pavelitch. The latter might be described as a "professional" traitor. The former is more a Serbian edition of Pétainism. In ordinary circumstances he would not elect to play his present rôle. He does so now because he thinks that Germany's ultimate victory is inevitable and that therefore the best thing to do is to co-operate in the hope of gaining concessions. Again like Pétain, he has been bitten by the anti-Bolshevist bug. He is not representative of Serbian feeling or Serbian tradition. He is completely out of touch with reality, and he presents the pitiful and shameful picture of a one-time distinguished soldier dancing like a marionette on the conqueror's strings.

In Serbia the number of people butchered as hostages is higher than in the other provinces of Yugoslavia. This is because the degree of active, physical resistance is stronger in Serbia than elsewhere. For Serbia has become a battleground.

In Yugoslav Macedonia (South Serbia), nominally handed over to Bulgaria, the real governance is in the hand of Mihailov

and the I.M.R.O. (Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization), The I.M.R.O. are the terrorists and Komitadjis who for years embittered Serbo-Bulgarian relations; who, together with the Croatian *Ustacha*, were responsible, under the orders of Mussolini, for the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles; and who for a decade or more conducted a murder campaign not only against the Yugoslavs but also against those politicians in Bulgaria who sought to restrain them. Hitler put Mihailov and the I.M.R.O. in charge in Yugoslav Macedonia in furtherance of his policy of divide and rule. He knows that there are no natural grounds for mutual hatred between the Serbs and Bulgars. He is aware that in the past Serbo-Bulgarian hostility was mainly the outcome of the ambitions of reactionary and revisionist Bulgarian politicians and military chiefs working in close liaison with the I.M.R.O., and that Mihailov and his fellow terrorists were always one of the most potent influences for evil in Bulgarian politics. Therefore the I.M.R.O. have been given a free hand to practice brutalities against the Serbs in Macedonia, in order to perpetuate hatred and keep the two South Slav peoples divided. For Hitler fears, and not without reason, that left to themselves the Serbian and Bulgarian masses might make a *rapprochement* under Russian inspiration.

The I.M.R.O. also has its use for Hitler in holding down opposition inside Bulgaria, and in acting as a sort of "ginger group" on the Government in Sofia. Hence Mikhailov is now known as the "Uncrowned King of Macedonia." He has the worst record for brutal assassinations, burnings, tortures and rapings even in the blood stained annals of the I.M.R.O.

Much brutality has also been in evidence in territories taken over by the Hungarians. The Magyars needed little encouragement from the Germans to apply the usual methods of mass murders and mass expulsions to the Serbs. But Hitler was not satisfied with this. He also induced the Hungarians to make encroachments upon the territory of Germany's Croatian ally. The result of this—as Hitler accurately calculated would be the case—was to make the Quisling government in Zagreb more dependent than ever upon Berlin. Pavelitch was obliged to appeal to the Führer to restrain the territorial appetite of the Hungarians. Hitler, of course, was willing to oblige, but on terms.

Thus one sees in the case of Hitler's manipulation of Hungarian-Croatian relations, as in the case of Serbo-Bulgarian, Serbo-Croat, and Slovene-Croat relations, the eternal technique

of divide and rule. With even further cynicism he has applied this method to Italo-Croat relations. He encouraged Mussolini to take over the Dalmatian coast of Croatia. This caused even Mussolini's own hirelings in Zagreb to protest. And it revived the centuries old Croatian hatred for Italy.

It is clear that this is a situation which can last only so long as Hitler is able to avoid defeat on any of the major battlefields of the war. As soon as he suffers a definite and large-scale military reverse, his grip upon the Balkans will slip, and the whole artificial structure of his New Balkan Order will collapse like a house of cards. It will collapse either as the result of successful internal revolt or because of that revolt leading to the creation of a third Allied front in the Balkans.

The question now imposes itself: what of the future? This is a very serious question and one which, I submit, requires due attention on the part of Britain. Our neglect of the Balkans in the past was largely the reason for the collapse of the Allied cause in the Balkans during the war. We should not repeat that mistake. Two things, I think, emerge very clearly. One is that the future lies with the federative idea, not only in regard to the internal structure of a reconstituted and united Yugoslavia but also in regard to the relations with one another of all the Danubian states. This would provide the best guarantee of these states being able to resist external attack and internal disintegration in the future. The other is that there must be the closest political and military co-operation between Britain and Yugoslavia after the war. To neglect this would not only be to betray a very gallant ally. It would also be contrary to our own political and military interests in the Near and Middle East and in the Eastern Mediterranean, which are bound up with Anglo-Yugoslav collaboration.

Some solution must be found, I am convinced, along the lines of regional federation in South Eastern Europe within the wider framework of an Anglo-Russian understanding in regard to Europe as a whole. The alternatives could but be that this part of the world would again fall under the domination of predatory Great Powers, and again become the victim of the policy of divide and rule. The alternatives are so fraught with danger that surely they must be avoided.

With regard to the Yugoslavs themselves, it may be stated without fear of contradiction that the Croats, as represented by Dr. Matchek, no less than the Serbs and Slovenes regard the restoration of Yugoslav union as an absolute necessity. Even the most ardent Croatian federalist is agreed upon this

fundamental. After the allied victory the Serbs will naturally set about chasing Pavelitch and his *Ustacha* gang out of Croatia. But I am sure that the Croats themselves will be equally enthusiastic in the chase.

The Slovenes will not only demand that their dismembered country should be re-united within the Yugoslav union, but they will also insist that the Slovene territories taken away and handed to Italy and Austria after the last war should be restored to them.

The Serbs, having borne the brunt of the physical revolt against the Axis invaders, and having provided the main basis for building up anew the military strength of Yugoslavia, will not unnaturally take the lead in driving out the enemy and reconstituting the united Yugoslav state.

All these questions of internal and external structures are necessarily fraught with a number of delicate problems, but there is no reason why they should not be satisfactorily solved within the solution of the wider problems which will face the peacemakers after the Allied victory. In the meantime there is much we can do, in the realms both of political and military warfare, to help the Yugoslav revolt, and thereby not only hasten the creation of the Allied Third Front in the Balkans during the war, but secure also the basis for Anglo-Yugoslav co-operation during the peace. We could assist them now by divising ways and means for supplying the *Chetnics* with arms and ammunition. And we could give them assurances of our future friendship by means of the right kind of propaganda. Not only would this be a human gesture which Yugoslavia has merited by her loyalty and bravery during martyrdom, it would also be very practical politics on our part.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON CRIME IN WAR-TIME

By Hermann Mannheim

THE effect of war on crime and its treatment is a problem which may interest various categories of people for different reasons and in different ways. In time of war, the statesman and the social reformer can be expected to pay close attention to the movement of crime because mass violations of the criminal law may reveal hidden danger-spots which no community can afford to neglect in a period of external crisis. Professional students of crime will take advantage of the opportunity offered by sudden and profound changes in the social structure as can be caused only by war or revolution in order to check the validity of their theories, and practical penologists and penal reformers strive hard to save the badly knocked about penal system from complete shipwreck and to plan the outlines of its future reconstruction.

By now it has become a commonplace to say that this is a problem which can be successfully tackled only for each particular war separately, whereas comparatively little can be gained by theorizing about it on general lines. Though certain patterns of thought and of action seem to be inseparably connected with war as such, criminal behaviour in war-time must be understood less as a by-product of the international conflict itself than of the social and psychological conditions which it produces. As long as the latter remain in existence no improvement in the crime position is likely to take place even after the end of the actual fighting. There are hardly more than perhaps half a dozen criminological reports of apparently general validity on the effect of war on crime and for the very reason of their universal applicability none of them is particularly informative. For instance, we know that the total amount of crime, after declining during the initial stages of a war, usually increases towards the middle or the end; that the extent of the final deterioration mainly depends upon the course which the war has taken; that the increase is heaviest and begins almost at once among those categories of the population which remain outside the fighting services; that it is not so much, as is frequently assumed, crime against the person but economic crime that becomes more frequent; and, finally, that the penal system tends to deteriorate under

the strain of war. All this, it must be admitted, is not very illuminating. As soon as we attempt, however, to supplement these general statements by more detailed observations for specific wars we find oureslves handicapped by the extreme dearth of the material available. There is some reason to hope that for the present war, at least in this country, the information which is being collected will be somewhat more comprehensive and systematic than for the war of 1914-18. Statistical investigations into the incident of crime, it is true, are becoming more difficult than ever on account of the tremendous war-time changes in the local and occupational distribution of the population. Evacuation, the calling up of men and women and the shifting of industries have profoundly altered the population structure of the country. While this affects the total amount of crime only in so far as offences by members of the Forces are frequently dealt with by military courts and thereby excluded from ordinary Criminal Statistics, it renders almost impossible any comparison between pre-war and war-time figures for individual localities. To make matters worse, no Criminal Statistics for the whole country have as yet been published for the period after 1938, whereas during the last war the annual blue-books came out much as usual, though on a greatly reduced scale. Such local figures as have so far been quoted in public seem to justify the conclusion that the total amount of "Crime known to the Police" has undergone no considerable changes since the outbreak of the war, the increase in some Reception Areas being balanced by the decline in a few Evacuation Areas. For London, by the way, the published figures of indictable offences show a reduction which is obviously less substantial than the decline in population would have justified (1938: 95,280; 1939: 94,852; 1940: 93,869). On the other hand, we know from official publications that juvenile delinquency increased by approximately forty-one per cent, during the first twelve months of the war,* and there are certain indications that delinquency among women is also, though less markedly, on the upgrade. The conclusion is therefore that there must have been less crime among men over the age of 17. As the amount of "Crime known to the Police" remains unaffected by the calling up and the numbers of men serving overseas cannot be very large, this may indicate a real improvement. Nobody is likely to over-estimate the value of such statistical considerations. Changes in Police

*See the Memorandum on Juvenile Offences, published jointly by the Home Office and the Board of Education, June, 1941, His Majesty's Stationery Office. 3d.

activities, the creation of new offences, and many other factors may invalidate any conclusion based upon figures alone. There is in particular one aspect which seems to be of the greatest importance for the study of war-time crime and to which so far but little attention has been paid, that is, the extent of habitual criminality and of recidivism.

Surely, neither to society at large nor to the practical penologist can it be indifferent whether 100,000 offences "known to the Police" have been committed by 100,000 first offenders or by a small group of perhaps 2,000 habitual law-breakers of whom each has been responsible for an average of fifty offences. Whereas for the masses of first offenders social (including family) conditions are the principal causes of crime, the habitual criminal is more likely to be the product of his psychological maladjustment or abnormality or of the faulty treatment he receives from state and society. In periods of war, the latter, absorbed as they are in their fight against the external enemy, are likely to become more indulgent in their attitude towards the criminal and are willing to give him a chance. On the other hand, the growing complexity of every day life infects many more hitherto blameless individuals with the bacillus of lawlessness. Consequently, and this may be regarded as a further experience of universal validity, recidivism and habitual criminality tend to decline in time of war, and more newcomers begin to appear before the criminal courts, a development which may profoundly alter the practical problems involved. No large scale and systematic statistical information on the whole question of recidivism is available even for pre-war years, let alone for the present. The existing material, however, would largely seem to confirm our thesis, that is, the proportion of first offenders appears indeed to have increased at least among adults in general and among juveniles in reception areas, whereas the opposite tendency makes itself felt among juveniles in certain evacuation areas. In support of this view the following facts may be mentioned.

According to press reports analysed by the author, out of a sample of 424 persons charged with looting 387—90 per cent. had no previous convictions recorded against them, which reveals an abnormally high proportion of first offenders. Of the remaining 37 only nine had more than three previous convictions and might therefore have been habitual offenders. In spite of the smallness of this sample there is no special reason to doubt its representative character. That habitual crim-

inals are less easily caught is a truth that operates not only in war-time and can therefore hardly be stressed in this connection. Moreover, the same impression has been gained by many other observers, though it has not found expression in statistical figures. For other war-time offences such as violations of the Food Control regulations, profiteering, lighting offences similar results are likely to emerge. The specific reasons for the prevalence of first offenders may be different for the different categories. Lighting offences are, as a rule, unintentional actions committed for no reason of financial gain, both factors characteristic of non-professional crime. Looting and the various types of profiteering are nothing but somewhat more pronounced forms of general patterns of anti-social behaviour which remain unpunished in times of peace, and their perpetrators, though public nuisances, do not therefore rank as professional lawbreakers. In other words, the juvenile looter may represent only a further stage in the normal development of the slum child who is used to picking up things lying about on the pavement, and the war profiteer is only the somewhat more unscrupulous war edition of the smart business man who, under normal conditions, manages to keep on the right side of the law.

For the criminologist and the student of social psychology and ethics no other recent mass phenomenon can have been more interesting than the outbreak of looting in the winter of 1940-41. Several thousand criminal proceedings for looting (there were 4,584 cases of this kind alone before Metropolitan courts during 1940) and the heated discussion which accompanied them may have proved, among other points, that legislative action and increased penalties in themselves are unable to eradicate certain deep-rooted conceptions. In the popular mind, the idea of property cannot be altogether divorced from that of possession and of actual use, and in cases where this visible link between owner and property has been cut by temporary elimination of the former no threat or punishment can make up for it. Robbing automatic machines and stealing by finding are the models which, better than anything else, can help to explain the background of looting. "It is a thousand pities," a London magistrate was recently reported to have said, "that the public does not always understand that stealing by finding is almost as bad as stealing in any other way." When Professor T. H. Pear and Mr. E. C. Gates, J.P., Manchester, made an interesting attempt, on a small scale, to ascertain the attitude of young people to property they dis-

covered that out of fifty adolescent boys thirty-one decided that they would keep a sum of 10/- found in the street, and many others were not at all sure what to do.* Among the excuses offered in court by looters in the writer's collection of cuttings are not only the common " everybody is doing it " or " it was a pity that the goods should be lying about unused," but also " I didn't know that I was doing any harm, as I was told the lady was dead," whereas in another case the argument goes in the opposite direction: " This is not looting—it would be different if he had taken it from the dead." Such examples, which could easily be multiplied, indicate utter bewilderment and perplexity rather than moral wickedness, and the best cure for first offenders of this type will be education and guidance rather than severe punishment and stigmatization.

While looting and other war-time offences have widened the extent of criminality, the position of many men with pre-war criminal records has improved. Employers can no longer insist upon a spotless character and, as a consequence, not only manual labourers but even black-coated workers and professional men, in pre-war days the most difficult charges of After-Care organizations, have become easy to place. Their response seems, on the whole, to have been highly satisfactory, and they are said to be giving much less trouble than many young men with previously good characters. The Home Secretary's statement that there are in the Civil Defence Services " a number of people whose records are open to question, many even with criminal records, who have done a first-class job in civil defence," seems to be fully borne out by the facts. Thus the experience of the last war is repeating itself that even men with many previous sentences of penal servitude or imprisonment are likely to keep straight if they can obtain jobs with living wages and are not under a cloud of suspicion. It is to be hoped that this will not be forgotten when, after the war, work may again become less plentiful.

On the other hand, it will be asked why the present abundance of highly paid work so frequently fails to prevent young boys and even some mature men with hitherto unblemished characters from falling into crime. Recent discussions in the press and elsewhere have shown that, while most experts are inclined to regard the inflated earnings of to-day as direct incentives to delinquency, some others find it difficult to reconcile this interpretation with the traditional view that crime is

*See *Social Welfare*, July, 1941.

largely due to poverty and should therefore disappear when economic conditions are improved. To this one might reply, the same event can affect different types of people in a different way, and if other factors change, it may even affect individuals of the same type in a different manner. Although poverty and unemployment rank very high as crime producing elements one should never forget that, in most cases, they can become effective only in co-operation with other unfavourable factors or may be neutralized by favourable ones. Likewise, events which, as a rule, have a crime preventing effect may lose this character under special circumstances. And, finally, nothing is more dangerous than a sudden change in man's fortunes and even the most propitious happenings may require a long process of education and training before they are properly digested. These are platitudes, but their practical implications are sometimes overlooked. To shower inflated wages upon an adolescent entirely unaccustomed to them may easily upset his mental and moral balance, give him an equally inflated sense of his own importance and impair his relations with his family. It may well be true that, as has been stressed, these boys have to work very hard or that they are not the only ones who earn more than they deserve. To meet the latter objection it might be said that factors which are conducive to delinquency among adolescents are not less harmful because of the existence of others which render possible profiteering and similar forms of "white collar criminality," to use a term popular with American criminologists. Nor is it the business of the theoretical criminologist to suggest any specific measures of an economic or social character, whether it may be compulsory saving or reduction of wages. All he can do is to sift the evidence, to interpret the working of the social and psychological mechanisms involved, and perhaps to recall certain analogous experiences made in most belligerent countries during the last war and after. In this country, the warnings of war-time prophets* seem to have been fully confirmed during the years after 1918 by observations of prison and Borstal governors and social workers. The case may be quoted of a boy who, having earned £6 to £7 as a fitter's mate during the war, took to house and shopbreaking when his earnings fell to less than £4. After his discharge from Borstal he was offered a job at thirty shillings which could hardly have been to his liking.

*See, for instance, The Nineteenth Century and After, October, 1918, p. 707.

For children of school age, as already indicated, the situation seems to have developed on different lines in evacuation districts and in reception areas, the former having had a larger share of persistent offenders, the latter more newcomers. At first, all those social and psychological factors which make for juvenile delinquency could easily be found assembled in reception areas, and it is therefore not surprising to find that many children had to appear before the juvenile courts who would normally not have become delinquent. After two years of practical experience many difficulties have been overcome by better organization and understanding. In particular, the sudden change from city to country life and the resulting "culture conflict," which were responsible for many initial lapses, have in the long run frequently proved beneficial, and there is evidence from many quarters that the delinquency rates among evacuees are now lower than among local children. Although during the first year of the war court figures of juvenile delinquency and especially of recidivism may in some districts have been artificially reduced by the practice of sending offenders back to their homes, the present improvement seems to be genuine.

In evacuation areas a selective process of an altogether different character is likely to have taken place. In the first instance, the proportion of bad homes and inefficient and neglectful parents was almost certainly higher for those children who remained in bombed districts, and the proportion of children with delinquent tendencies who were sent back as "unbilletable" after a brief absence must also have been large. Conditions in such districts have, generally speaking, not been conducive to good behaviour, although the re-opening of many schools and clubs during the year 1941 has proved beneficial. In contrast to many reception areas there is but little to compensate non-evacuated children for the losses they have suffered. The consequences have become apparent in many juvenile courts, least of all perhaps in London, where the war-time increase in delinquency, according to the latest calculations of the L.C.C., appears almost negligible. It is only in conformity with the general picture that in some evacuation areas (noted in an interesting report by the Bristol Child Guidance Clinic issued in the summer of 1941) attention has been drawn to the alarming increase in delinquency and recidivism among feeble-minded and very dull children. Although the Bristol figures are too small to warrant any general conclusions, it is noticeable that 69 per cent. of the

children examined had been delinquent before and that 49 per cent. of those who had previously been charged belonged to the very dull type (I.Q. 70-85) which represented only 31 per cent. of the total. It is, of course, not a new experience that recidivism is particularly frequent among feeble-minded and psychopathic offenders, but it is equally clear that conditions of life in bombed cities and lack of suitable facilities for treatment make it almost impossible for them to reform.

Summing up the present crime situation one may be justified in saying that, in spite of the considerable proportion of first offenders who are coming before the courts, no signs of a truly alarming deterioration have so far become visible. Moreover, those observers who might feel inclined to deplore the absence of certain striking improvements which occurred during the last war should bear in mind that there was much less scope for them in 1939 than in 1914. To take but one example. Compared with the spectacular decline of drunkenness convictions from 183,000 in 1914 to 84,000 in 1916 and to 29,000 in 1918 the present improvement which may be no more than 12 per cent. of the pre-war total of 50-55,000 is bound to appear less satisfactory than it actually is. It would seem essential, however, that the future development of the whole crime situation should be closely watched and that statistical material should be collected which might render possible, among other points, a more accurate estimate of much of war-time crime that is due to the activities of a small group of recidivists or to great masses of newcomers respectively.

There can be little doubt that the growing strain on the penal system will, as time goes on, result in a general increase of recidivism, especially among young people. While space forbids to deal in detail with the manifold problems of treatment, it may be pertinent briefly to analyse certain general trends. Is it simply a picture of wholesale deterioration that here meets the eye, or are there also visible certain changes for the better which might perhaps prepare the ground for a future reconstruction of the penal system? It is not only the crisis of this system itself that has to be considered but, first of all, the difficult position which confronts the criminal courts, including juvenile courts, in their sentencing policy. Even in peace-time criminal courts cannot perform their duties regardless of the general requirements of society at large. In time of war, these claims will grow in intensity and, within reasonable limits, it may become more important, for instance, to free man-power for essential war-work than to send offenders to

prison. Special attention has to be paid to the changes in character and capacity which penal institutions and methods undergo in war-time. It is useless to commit juvenile delinquents to already overcrowded Remand Homes or Approved Schools. Probation Orders, appropriate as long as the offender remains in his usual surroundings, may become harmful when the probationer becomes an evacuee and has to live in a rural district with strangers who may regard a child on probation as an habitual criminal. Or, with the ordinary local prison in many respects thrown "back to 1922" (Howard Journal, 1941, p.7), a prison sentence to-day may mean something different from what it was in 1938. Moreover, the old experience has to be faced that in war-time the balance of power between the judiciary and the executive is altered in favour of the latter. It is not only in the case of Regulation 18b that this becomes apparent. When prisoners have to be transferred *en bloc* to Borstal Institutions or inmates of penal institutions are discharged much sooner than could be expected by the judges, the latter may well complain that their sentences are no longer carried out. But is this state of affairs not the logical conclusion of a process which, for good or evil, has been going on for a period much longer than these few years of war, a process which in the U.S.A. has culminated in a movement to take the power of sentencing, at least for adolescent offenders, altogether out of the hands of the judges and to entrust it to an administrative body, the "Treatment Tribunal"?

With regard to the treatment of prisoners one of the most important experiences is that men transferred under the strain of war-time necessities to less oppressive conditions have responded well. The lesson to be learned is, as Mr. Alexander Paterson indicated some time ago,* that oppressive conditions are, as a rule, unnecessary and should be replaced by a more constructive system of observation, classification and treatment. If such facilities as observation centres, hostels, clinics for psychological treatment, and the like had been available on a sufficiently large scale at the beginning of the war, the overcrowding in penal institutions might have been avoided. That the present penal system is in need of greater differentiation on scientific lines rather than of mere expansion seems to be the chief lesson of war-time experience for the penal reformer.

*Howard Journal, 1941, pp. 12 et seq.

WINTER ON THE SALTINGS

By Richard Perry

THE evening was calm, though stormy-looking, after days of sleet-showers and hard white frosts: frosts so hard that the fieldfares had been driven out of the frozen fields to the softer tussocks of the saltmarsh. Below the cloud-pall of gun-metal grey and turbulent blue the gloom-light was lowering and yellow. Tens of thousands of gulls streamed down Eden into the dun twilight, as the last sun-illumined clouds tarnished the cold oxidized river: silent pack after pack careening out to their huge nightly roosts on the illimitable sandbanks of the Firth. Later, the grey duck, the wild mallard of the Solway, hurried down to a night's guzzling in swampy depressions on the salting. I knew them only by the swift regular swishing of unseen wings.

It snowed hard all the next two days, and the flushes and pools of fresh and tidal water on the salting bore thin filaments of brown ice. The grey duck abandoned the frozen loughs on the fells, where they were wont to sleep and preen away the hours of daylight, and bobbed in packs all day on Esk and Eden and out on the Firth. Snipe, always the first wading birds to feel hard weather, began to stand about under the mudbanks of creeks and drains.

At midnight on the second day a huge copper-yellow moon hung low over the western edge of the salting, flooding with radiance its two thousand acres of wiry grass. To listen, from beneath the brow-edge of some winding creek, to the contented humming of wild grey geese, feeding forward in the moon's light, is always an uncannily beautiful experience, and the silken rustling of their grazing bills is a soothing, happy sound. I was sorely tempted to plod down-river to the saltings: but the spirit was weak, after long hours of writing, and I stumbled upstairs to bed—and lay awake regretting my decision.

At the darkening on the fourth evening the pale blue wash of the western sky, above a fiery orange sunset, was pencilled as delicately as a Chinese etching, with tenuous black lines

and chevrons of duck and geese flighting over the Firth. The frozen corrugated sand-flats about the salting were white with tiny flowered splinters of ice, with here and there tide-drifts of broken ice-floes, which gave out a hollow bell-iron sound. When I walked round the salting at moonrise, my water-boots sank deep in to a yielding carpet of thick tussocks, soft with hoar-frost; flushes and creeks were frozen. From all around me came the deep grunting *ugh-ugh* of the grey geese stegs and the *ga-a-ag* of their geese. There had been three thousand of them on the salting during the day.

When they moved away, the night was as still as I have known it to be in the mountains. The intense frost of this Sabbath night hushed the far away roar of traffic on the great highway between Carlisle and the North. Drifts of snow walled off Gretna from the West. Standing listening in the moonlight, straining tensely to locate the murmurous humming of the geese, I caught the soft clangour of swans beating up-river—that wonderful wing-music that has come to me, like the silver chiming of sleigh-bells, over lonely moors of the Hebrides, crescendoing to a great melody of sound, when a wedge of swans, dazzlingly white against a frosty blue sky, forges in from sea with rhythmic clangour of beating wings. Long after they have passed their wing-music echoes in my ears . . . .

Later that night and all the next morning snow fell heavily, banking up twelve-foot drifts on the passes over the hills. The snipe, stabbing their inordinately long bills up to their hilts in the ooze of the creeks, paced slipperily over frozen patches, pointing the swollen tips of their tweezer-like mandibles delicately at the ice, pausing from time to time to look steadily at me with their rather small black eyes. Silent peewits stood rigid, breast-deep in the snow, heads to the north wind, never stirring at my crunching passage down along the river-bank. Nor even did the shy goldeneye duck lift from their river pool of open water. To this pool in the late afternoon drifted downstream unending thousands of gulls, congregating to bathe before sailing on to their roosting sand-banks. When, two or three hours later, I returned up-Eden, after twice sinking to the waist in snow-filled creeks on the salting, the peewits were still rigid in the snow: a little deeper set. Unwisely deserting inland pastures for the salting, they would be the first of their kind to die.

By the end of the week the pall of snow was hard frozen, and the sand-flats and salting were an Arctic waste. Broad

inlets to marsh creeks were piled high with bulging boiler-plates of buckled ice-floes, and huge hummocks of ice littered the flats. In the low afternoon sun a lovely ultra-violet glow played over the white scene: contrasting with the cold blue-white of the ice-sheets which coated the smooth brown banks of the creeks, and with the purple strips of thawed mud between two such ice-sheets. A lone curlew, quavering long and often, set the beauty of the scene.

Inevitably, on one of the coldest days of the century, a wren, hardiest of all small birds, crept about the snow-drifts in a creek well in on the salting, among two thousand pink-footed geese and a score or two of grey lags, grazing where the salt tide had thawed the brow-edges of the marsh. Some hundred of cushats also came down to the narrow strip of grass freed from the frost. Packs of ducks plashed in the pools opened by the tide, and at ebb-tide two hundred gulls a minute floated down-river through the channel smashed by the bore. Up-river, at the darkening, the strident *kee-kee-kee* of a kestrel cut the frosty silence like glass, below the high red cliffs.

After ten days of frost it was said to be the coldest weather for forty-five years. Redwing thrushes, with yellow plumes over their eyes, and song thrushes scattered the dead leaves furiously in their hunger, and the peewits joined them on the wooded slopes of Eden. The foreshore and banks of the river, after a high tide, were lumbered with small ice-bergs and thick floes of frosted ice piled up one upon another for miles upstream. But although the flooded edges of the salting were also sheeted with ice, the grey duck continued to flight in good numbers at dusk, and two goldeneye, sheltering under the river bank, cawed harshly like duck widgeon, when I went down to the marsh a second time that night at ten o'clock. At that hour the new flood-water in the creeks already bore a thin film of ice.

The bore of the next morning's spring tide, after another intense frost during the night, carried with it a swift flow of pack-ice, which filled Eden from bank to bank, an hundred yards across. On this the hardest day of all, a wren poured forth his cascade of song! Curlew and waterhens companioned the thrushes and peewits under the trees, and redshanks trailed their cerise stilts over the dazzling snow. When the bore flowed over the river's banks, sudden snipe and woodcock came down to the open water of flooded drains and runnels.

On the twelfth day, however, the moon waned, the spring tides fell back, and with incredible swiftness it thawed: so that the salting was flooded with huge flushes of ice-water, over which dipped white packs of gulls—hard times were over! . . . . Curlew swarmed smokily over the tide far out on the Firth; great black-backed gulls, young and old, prowled over the marsh with heavy lazy flight, throwing far shadows ahead of me when they crossed the sun in their passaging from Eden to Esk: others were lined up with dazzling silver breasts on the higher dryer brow-edges; grey geese were peacefully afloat on the flushes—hard times were over!

Little swallowtails of pintail duck cut across the marsh downwind at terrific speed, the long-tailed drakes as sharp as swords. Though so devastatingly swift of flight, they flew very delicately, and with their fast-beating wings and long necks looked not unlike mergansers. Shoveller duck flew fast and high out to the Firth, with those same breath-taking twirling stoops and abandoned slipping sideways of the pintail. With the narrow wings of widgeon set far back on the heavy bodies of mallard, their erratic lifting flight was superlatively dashing.

Terrific gales and rains followed the great frost. For weeks the winds blew from north and west, often for days and nights together without an hour's break, until sleep became a fevered mockery. Big tides were forced up the Firth again and the bore swept over all the salting, leaving huge depressions flooded, when it ran off into the creeks, which radiated from the core of the marsh out to the sand-flats.

I do not know that I particularly enjoy lying out on salting or mud-flat in heavy rain, against which even oilskins and sea-boots are not proof over long periods: but many the morn and eve I lay behind the grassy sea-wall at the back of the salting, watching the packs of duck, and sometimes geese, bobbing up and down on the tempest-tossed waves of the deep flood-water—just out of range of the man with the gun, but not of the watcher with keen eyes and a pair of binoculars. Because of the pleasure I got from studying these shy wild-fowl in what seemed to me their perfect environment, I often almost forgot the wind and rain. On that wild grey marsh sea the extravagantly plumaged mallard drakes were seen in their proper perspective. Wet olive-yellow bills, dark-green velvet heads that shone so glossily in the fleeting sun, purple-brown breasts and grey-lilac flanks, were in perfect harmony

against the grey back-ground. When the sun glimmered over the colourless ebb-tide sands, they gleamed almost as whitely as their companion sheld-duck. Few seemed to be British mallards, but nearly all the small Baltic winter visitors, sharp of heads and slender of white-ringed necks.

When the flood-water of a bore had partially drained off the marsh into the creeks, I would make shift to get myself out to the middle of the salting, by dint of much wading and detouring round brimful creeks. On two huge flushes out there swam fifteen thousand duck. Nearly all were widgeon, but among them were three or four thousand teal, a thousand-odd mallard, and a score or two of pintail and shoveller. To have three thousand teal streaming low over my head, with a rushing wind of green-glinting wings was too kaleidoscopic a phenomenon for me to record its swift changes in form and colour and sound: and so, too, five thousand widgeon in a cork-screw descent, flattening out over the flush in an endless column, those in the rear pouring over their fellows in the van, already glissading over the flood with braking webs flung forward. When I squelched out along the tussocky ridge dividing the two flushes, this stupendous flight of widgeon rose again from the water, slanted athwart me—a glimmering sheet of white bellies in the wintry sun—flattened out over the flood, lifted once more, and soared as a grey cloud, which was slashed by the white wing-bars of the drakes. What but a hyper-sensitive action-reaction tempo of each duck to its fellows could govern the spontaneous unanimity of flight-movement of this great body of duck, when the concourse stooped down on me with the mighty rushing of a sudden squall of wind—eight thousand pounds' weight of muscular duck tearing a jagged rent in the air with devastating velocity.

It was not easy to gain a long close study of the ten thousand duck still swimming on the flushes. The cold was intense and there was some physical discomfort in crawling through the long oozy grass and lying in nine inches of water: but the most insurmountable obstacle was the great size of the flushes. Though elsewhere laid flat by the winds, the luxuriant marsh grass stood high at the edges of the flushes, so that after one hundred yards of laborious 'worming,' I would in the end have to raise myself at least as high as my elbows, to obtain any sort of a field of vision. That was likely enough to disturb those duck nearest to me, who would rise and take with them all the other duck in the vicinity to the far side of the flush, two or three hundred yards distant. Mallard

always went, widgeon nearly always, but the little teal, after a momentary lifting of suspicious brown heads, would often resume feeding or preening without more ado. And their constant companions, the heavy shoveller, were always loath to go, especially if the morning was hot and sunny. Not only were shoveller always to be found feeding with the teal at the edges of the flushes, but they would also fly out with them to the flats, when the tide ebbed, to dredge and dibble in the slimy green weed of a little bay. Their method of feeding on the flushes was peculiar, for they dipped their heads deep into the water, straining down from their shoulders, while still swimming forward: unlike the long-necked pintails who would up-end for hours at a time in one patch of a few square yards of water. Sinister ducks, the old drake shovellers, their hard gold orbs gleaming from spatulate-billed black heads, sun-dusted with a green sheen.

My stalking was not always unsuccessful, and at the end of one long crawl I was rewarded by a nice little bundle of seventy-five widgeon grazing industriously in a slushy place only a few yards out from the wall of grass. Continually on the move, they might have been a flock of guinea-fowl, with their clean grey backs. On a pool a little beyond them other ducks and drakes were 'purring' around one another with vibrant pale-blue bills, drake diving at drake, and darting about the flush at lightning speed, with much splashing and threshing of wings. The old drakes, with marigold crests to their dark copper heads, ecstatically trilled their dynamic *wrr-ee-oo*, in answer to the harsh *chockawrr* of the ducks.

Two or three hundred tiny teal squatted at the edge of the flush or stood on hummocks in the shallows, preening with sudden glints of green speculums, or lazing with heads tucked back into their scapulars. The queer little duck teals appeared hardly bigger than redshanks. Others were continually up-ending with quick little shoots forward in the water and flashes of silver undersides; the golden wedges of their tail-coverts, gleaming in the sun, were reflected in the flush. Others, again, dibbled in the slushy grass with characteristic energy, continually piping and bleating. Once, their soft *pheep-pheep* spread from duck to duck and crescendoed to an urgent chorus, when all quitted the edges of the flush and swam out to open water. As I looked about, puzzled by their sudden excitement, a peregrine falcon swept low over my head. With the enemy's swift passing the outcry died down and the little ducks swam in to the marge, still unaware of my presence.

If I was unlucky, and all the duck took flight at the end of my stalk, I could either rise stiffly to my feet and try again at another flush; or I could lie still and wait for something to happen. Once, when all the duck had deserted a flush, but I had lain still, a lone duck widgeon shortly came in to the flush and alighted on the water a few yards from me. For all that I could see or hear of the world to which I normally belonged, I was alone on earth with one wild duck. *Our* world was a pool on a saltmarsh, which, from my field of vision, was as illimitable as the Universe to earth. Here, surely, was a chance to tear the veil and learn something of the nature of a wild bird. For an hour I lay watching her, what time she swam incessantly backwards and forwards over that part of the flush on which she had alighted, idly dabbling in the water with her dark bill. Her plumage was almost pink against the bright sky, with a dark-pink crest to her brown head.

From time to time she uttered an emphatic *gug-guggawrr* and once a *ch-ch-ch-ch-ch* when a drake swooped low over the flush. What had brought her alone to this pool on the salting? Was she self-conscious of her surroundings, self-controlled in her actions? Or was she only a live robot bandied about by forces emanating from sun and moon: ordered by the fundamental impulses of hunger and reproduction: inherently guided from one season to another by the 'magnetic' pull of winter feeding-territory and summer breeding-territory? I tried to project myself into her entity, to probe her sentient being: but she only swam and dibbled and cawed. The veil was impenetrable. She did not even lift from the pool when in the end I rose to go, and I knew no more of her nature, and understood her mechanism no better, than when she had first alighted: so I left her still swimming to and fro on the flush.

SCHILLER DYING

By Sidney Keyes

WHEN there were rules to break, when I
Was punished and rebelled; then one might build
Castles and cities out of history, or walk
In grassy countries; then perhaps might yoke
Even the shy unbroken horse
That grazes no known pasture, the hard-hooved
Pegasus even—spur him from the fair
Out of the clapping and the roaring lamps
And freak-shows into windy ways of joy.
Joy . . . that is important in a way
I cannot tell, somewhere quite other than
This drunken planet . . . there are choirs crying
Joy in my head . . . It was, of course, disguise:
Not joy, but something positive, the root
Of love, the keynote. These high voices find
The explanation I dared never seek
Outside the words; now my joy is becoming
Not joy, but ringing hoofbeats of the horse
I stole to ride those mountains; singing
Chainshot at Lützen . . . blood starts through my joy
And Eger threatens. Listen to Wrangel, listen
To Max the foreigner, the foxy prince
Who never knew it; stand immovable
Beside me, under Saturn stricken also—
Save me from fear and Venus, guard my joy.
But in the end they pulled you down, they struck
Swords in your holy flesh, as now in mine
Fear spreads like poison . . . once I was not afraid
To hide my meaning, once I could assert
"Joy is a spark from heaven," never thinking
I lied: that joy was only the reverse
Of my consumption, of the angry blades
At Eger; or that pain's repeated
All over the world's body, like a scar.

My nose is red. Perpetually climbs
The sickness through my bones—a spiral fever
Searching the marrow. Winter is too long . . .
And joy has coarsened the great poet's face
That challenged winter once; and silly women
Who laughed at me, climb to his high-flown bed.
Joy has devoured that man. My nose is dripping
Just as he said it did; always a snivelling
Poor Württemburger poet, while he rules
A soft world's pleasure with his easy joy.
There was another word . . . now I may speak
More openly . . . there was a foreign girl
Came to our winter valley, but she left us
In spring without a word. Her name was never
Joy—but I never knew her name at all.
And I knew more than joy, the day I came
Hopeful to Weimar, looking for a sun
To warm my winter, with the Mannheim voices
Forgotten and far off, beyond the hills.
That was the moment, when the hard-shaved teachers
And mouthing dukes lost hold of me; when Goethe
Lifted me out of fear in his great hands.
But now he's frightened too; and I am drifting
Back to the cruel school, the uniform
Of uncomplaining earth; back to the fair
Unhorsed and haggard now, a clumsy ploughboy
Forgetting how he harnessed the wild horse;
Back to the theatre, to the open faces
Of the untutored, unregenerate crowd . . .

Joy is waylaid and slain. It was my joy
They murdered on the Rhenish roads, and left
A wheezing red-nosed ghost to end the journey.
My joy is murdered, tumbled in the ditch
With Rousseau and Wallenstein, a black blood-welter.
Joy, my Adonis, arise; now I can meet you
Unmasked in all your violence, dry blood
Hanging about your eyes, your beauty punished.
You need not come disguised; I have learnt courage.
Your face is like my own, too sensitive
For its fulfilment, crossed with heavy weals
And scored by time's derision. And your voice
Is hoof and chainshot, choir and orchestra; the weeping
King in his chamber; Eckermann and Goethe

Preparing fame over the hock-glasses;
My own dry coughing . . . or it is the cranes'
Accusing scream, the wild thin voices
Of cranes denouncing my joy's murderers . . .
The meaning is not joy. Joy died. The word
Is freedom and the bleeding face is freedom.
Goethe has lost it. I am only free
Since my youth died. The cranes are crying
Freedom and pain, freedom and fame . . . My fear
Has left me. I am ready to set out.

MODERN PROSE FORMS

III. Autobiography and Reminiscence

Part II.

By Eric Gillett

ONE of the autobiographies published during the last decade which has had a profound influence on contemporary autobiographers is Dr. Axel Munthe's *Story of San Michele*. Almost every life story is more or less a travel book but it would not be unfair to call Dr. Munthe's book a picaresque autobiography. It is brilliantly episodic and it may be conjectured that its rapid narrative influenced another medical man, Doctor Halliday Sutherland when he wrote his *Arches of the Years*. This is extremely vivid and amusing, and the chapters which describe his war experiences on the south east coast ought not to be omitted from the corpus of literature dealing with the last war.

There has been a spate of medical autobiographies recently and they are almost invariably good reading. Doctors and priests see more of human nature with the veneer off than anyone else and it is astonishing that more good records of personal experience have not been written by doctors in the past. Probably strict professional etiquette exercises a restraining influence. If this is so, it is a discretion which has undoubtedly deprived readers of some very entertaining volumes.

There is no doubt that the best contemporary autobiographers are novelists or journalists. Mr. Compton Mackenzie's accounts of his last war experiences though overlong have humour and an agreeable shrewdness which informs them all. My own favourite among them is the first, *Gallipoli Memories*. This shows a welcome regard for perspective, and great competence in characterization. There is nothing particularly malicious about these portraits but it would obviously be unwise to fall foul of an author who realizes that the best remedy for pomposity, lack of initiative, and other

official short-comings is ridicule. He is content to allow people to reveal themselves in their own statements. One excellent old gentleman, who happened to be a general, found it very difficult to understand that a man could earn a living by the pen:

> "You write, don't you?" a bland voice broke in . . . . "Do you really make a living by it?" "Yes." "By writing novels, I mean?" "Yes, yes." "Extraordinary!" he ejaculated in bewilderment. "But do you seriously mean to tell me that people buy enough of your books to support you?" "So far, they have, General."
>
> "Well, it's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard. I couldn't believe it when somebody told me about you on the 'Arcadian.' I never had the least idea that people ever dreamed of buying books to that extent. Why, I never bought a book in my life! Ah, yes . . . . I may have bought a magazine occasionally . . . . You know, at some railway station perhaps on my way to Ireland to go fishing. But never a book. It's most interesting to learn that you can sell enough books to live on. Most interesting and most extraordinary! I would never have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself. How do you think of a book? Do you just sit down and think? . . . . I don't want to seem inquisitive but I've never come into contact with this kind of thing before."

A very different type of general, Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, even in his life time an almost legendary figure is hit off to the life in a few sentences:

> From the moment that General Hunter-Weston turned his hawk's countenance on me and spoke to the accompaniment of his own humming, "So you're coming back with us for a blow at Helles! Splendid! Capital! You'll enjoy yourself. Tra-la-lira-la," I knew I was in for a good time.

Another versatile writer Mr. Clifford Bax is more philosophical in his approach than is Mr. Mackenzie, but in my opinion *Inland Far* deserves a far wider popularity than it has yet enjoyed. It is a friendly, thoughtful, and at times an amusing book. It is a book which stimulates the reader's mind to speculation and conjecture. Most authors writing in 1925 would have noted the decline of favour towards the romantic view of life and would have attributed it to the disillusionment which the war or rather the results of the peace had brought. Mr. Bax approaches this subject from a different angle.

> The discredit which has fallen of late upon the romantic view of life may be due in large part to the fact that romantic literature so often closes to the sound of wedding bells. Most comedies end where most tragedies begin. I think we begin to feel that both marriage and death are temporary 'curtains.' In the realm of fact, as we know well, the romantic person is peculiarly unlikely to achieve a lifelong

> union. He or she has a strong will to happiness, and the mind to imagine it: is apt to develop indefinitely; denies that life must become prosaic: and refuses merely to 'rub along.' When two or three hundred years have passed, the world will be amazed that we ever expected two people to remain together always. The few that achieve such a lasting happiness will be envied of all men, but their luck will be considered no less extraordinary than the health of someone who has 'never had a day's illness in his life.' Nobody will pretend that such good fortune is, or could be, normal. To me it seems certain, rather, that people will acknowledge more and more definitely that life is in all respects a moving pattern, and that in consequence men and women should acquire a faculty of frequently readjusting themselves to its changes.

There is no space here unfortunately to comment on the delightful tour to Spain which Mr. Bax took with his brother, Sir Arnold Bax, Mr. Balfour Gardiner, and Gustav Holst. Mr. Bax records (or invents) conversation brilliantly and indefatigably. *Inland Far* and its successor are notable examples of perspective and proportion applied to autobiography a medium in which these qualities are usually rare.

These qualities are to be found in Mr. J. B. Priestley's two autobiographical studies, *Midnight on the Desert* and *Rain Upon Godshill*. There is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Priestley is at his best, not as novelist or dramatist, but when he is writing personally in his essays, in these two books, and in his travel book *English Journey* which I hope to consider in a later article. The author describes *Midnight on the Desert* and *Rain Upon Godshill* as "chapters in autobiography." They are not formal presentations of his life. Their form is more elastic. Beginning, in the first book, with a winter's night in a little hut on the Arizona desert he lets his mind play on people and things that have interested him or affected his life or his attitude of mind on a number of occasions taken apparently at random but in reality chosen with remarkable relevance and aptness. Mr. Priestley excels as a critic of life and literature because his standards are completely sincere. They are informed by his natural good taste. In *Midnight on the Desert* he lets his mind range from the American theatre to the time theories of Dunne and Ouspensky. There is a glimpse of Charlie Chaplin imitating old English music hall singers, of a degree ceremony at St. Andrew's University, of the Grand Canyon, of American women seen triumphantly trim and conscientiously beautified in railway breakfast cars. There is a most interesting estimate of America's efficiency on the material side of civilization:

> America is definitely in front. She hardly knows she is leading us, but she is. Russia can turn the old political and economic system upside down, but no sooner has she done so than she takes a long look at America. One country after another follows suit. They may be ten years behind, but they are following on steadily. America does not know where she is going, but if she walks into some abyss of barbarism, she will walk alone.

There is a deceptive ease and familiarity about Mr. Priestley's personal writings. If you take him at his own surface valuation, he is an ordinary middle-aged chap from the North, who hates shams and pretence and ' La-di-da ' of any kind and who likes his pipe and slippers and a quiet talk with no nonsense about it. You have only to read this book to realize that underneath this rather commonplace façade there lives another personality, sensitive, restless, possessed of really remarkable deductive and intuitive powers, with the mind of a poet but unfortunately without a poet's powers of expression. No one has ever written with more understanding about listening to fine music than Mr. Priestley. There is a remarkable passage in *Angel Pavement* and another in *Midnight on the Desert* which is worthy to be put beside it.

> The sight of a symphony orchestra in those days (when he was twenty) filled me with the deepest satisfaction; I would count every man of them carefully, to see that no tricks were being played on me, and then when I was sure they were all there, I was happy, and blessed all those benefactors who had thought of adding another ingenuity of wood or metal, until this huge instrument of wizardry had been achieved; and then I would look about me at my fellow-townsmen sitting there, some of them—for we know about music in Yorkshire—already glancing at their scores, and my heart would warm to them as fellow-communicants; and then I would be lost in the magic landscapes of sound, would sail great seas and find lost cities in remotest forests, would stand on moonlit turret roofs with bewitching princesses, would romp hugely with drunken giants, would fling myself down in tears by the grave of the whole beautiful world; and then down the steps I would reel again, and the cold night air would sober me a little, but only so that I felt a noble youth, ready to dedicate his life to some equally noble but rather mysterious cause like the hero of an old and foolish romance.
>
> That is how it seems to me now, twenty-odd years and a world away . . . .

Mr. Priestley has always the great capacity for whole-hearted enjoyment. He can commemorate his enthusiasms and communicate them to his readers with a gusto which is shared by few of his contemporaries. It used to be said of a famous writer of sensational novels: " You can't help being thrilled by Blank." It would be difficult for the middle-brow to avoid

being enthused by Mr. Priestley, and in *Rain Upon Godshill* he gives a further instalment of autobiography which is as good as its predecessor.

Earlier I commented on the very high standard of literary men's autobiographies published during the last decade. One of the best of these books came out only two years ago. It is small—one hundred and six pages. Its author is well known as a journalist and novelist but I believe that he is at his best as a descriptive writer, and when he is deeply moved he has few superiors among his contemporaries. Mr. Howard Spring's *Heaven Lies About Us* is the narrative of his early boyhood in Cardiff, where his father was a jobbing gardener with a large family. In *Midnight on the Desert* Mr. Priestley gives a most sympathetic picture of his own father. Mr. Spring is more detailed and as understanding. His father was a man to whom money meant nothing and to whom literature meant a very great deal. He would not allow his children (there were nine of them) to read trash. Although he earned only a pound a week throughout his married life, he would spare a few pence often enough to buy secondhand books for himself and his family. His own taste was for *Paradise Lost*, but for his children he would buy *Tom Jones* and *Swiss Family Robinson*. He was a silent man. He never told his wife anything about himself except that as a boy he ran away from his home in County Cork. Perhaps it was this reserve and a genuine but inarticulate kindliness that left so great an impression on his son, so that the one occasion on which he showed emotion left an impression which had to be set down:

> Because I knew so little of him, and because, even when I accompanied him, I was in no sense with him, I recall the more vividly a Sunday walk when the barrier came near to obliteration. We stood on the top of a hilly field with young spring woods greening on the right hand and the left. There were cowslips growing in the field and a stream at its foot where kingcups floated their golden saucers upon the water. The whole day was full of bird-song and the quavering cries of lambs. I remember how my father stood there on the top of the hilly field, bare-headed, holding my hand; and when I looked up into his face I saw with a shock that there were tears behind his eyes. Brusquely then he urged me down the field to where, at the bottom, a man was turning the handle of a turnip-cutting machine. He and my father talked of the weather and this and that, as strangers will, while I munched a long finger of turnip.

That is an unforgettable picture. It conjures up the reticence of the father and the quick observation of the son and it is most tenderly expressed. Contemporary autobiography is

peculiarly strong in the happy expression of small and highly significant incident. Most of the writers contrive to be forthright and remarkably frank. The two exceptions seem to me to be Mr. Noel Coward, whose *Present Indicative* managed to be consistently entertaining, like its author's plays, but to me it says little about the man who wrote them and G. K. Chesterton. Chesterton, who was ready to enter into controversy about anything which was dear to him and who was one of the most charming, courteous, and least alarming of literary men for a young admirer to meet, wrote an autobiography which was unsatisfactory for another reason. I believe it was his very real modesty which prevented him from writing intimately about himself.

Mr. H. G. Wells belies in almost every line of his *Experiment in Autobiography* the sub-title he has given to it: *Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Man.* He was an imaginative and highly strung boy, and when he was sent as an apprentice to a respectable firm of drapers in Windsor the only breaks in the drudgery of the work there were made by visits to his cousins at Surly Hall. They were not always without incident:

> Like most undernourished growing boys I was cowardly and I found the last stretch from Clewer to the inn terrifyingly dark and lonely. It was black on the moonless nights and eerie by moonlight and often it was misty from the river. My imagination peopled the dark fields on either hand with crouching and pursuing foes. Chunks of badly trimmed hedge took on formidable shapes. Sometimes I took to my heels and ran. For a week or so that road was haunted by a rumour of an escaped panther—from Lady Florence Dixie's riverside home, the Fisheries. That phantom panther waited for me patiently; it followed me like a noiseless dog, biding its time. And one night on the other side of the hedge a sleeping horse sighed deeply, a gigantic sigh, and almost frightened me out of my wits.

This autobiography of Mr. Wells contains some arresting portraits, none of them, I think, more striking than those of Lord Northcliffe and Frank Harris. Mr. Wells has a theory of progress of the individual life as a pilgrimage from familiarity to loneliness which deserves attention. No subsequent association systems replace the confirmation and reassurance our families give us at the beginning of our lives. Generally speaking we do not break away from these ties, we are broken away from them.

> We cling to friendships, social circles, cliques, clubs, movements, societies, parties, descendants: but for all our clinging we are forced towards the open. We lose the trick of easy clinging. In the long

run, if we live long enough, we find ourselves standing alone, grown up at last altogether, in the face of the universe and life—and what remains to us of death.

There is a fascinating thesis to be written on that theory. In effect nobody can be said to grow up until he or she has left the home circle of his childhood. Even people with potentially strong personalities can be not only suppressed but also harmfully repressed unless they are given the opportunity to realize themselves away from the overfond or overcritical eyes of their families.

In his most charming and amusing last book, *Final Edition*, which he called an *Informal Autobiography*, E. F. Benson tells how he tried to settle down with his mother and sister at Tremans, Mrs. Benson's delightful house after he came down from Cambridge, but this was not a successful experiment. Benson felt that he was "odd man out," and was relieved to discover that his mother was as conscious as he was that the experiment had failed. His friends will remember Benson as one of the best raconteurs of his day, and *Final Edition* more than any autobiography of the period bristles with good stories. Here is the skilled man of letters, the skilled amateur of many of the best things in life setting down opinions and experiences with a very fair and detached urbanity. I should not think that there has ever been a writer with a greater or more Puckish sense of the ludicrous than Benson. As I write recollections come flooding back. There is, for instance, an extraordinarily vivid and detailed account of his own funeral ceremony which involved, I remember, a kind of scenic railway which was to join his dining room in Brompton Square with the entrance to Holy Trinity Church just behind it. Benson commemorated Edwardian extravagance as no other has done. His pages on the eccentricities of the late Lord Battersea are extremely funny and also really revealing. They catch and preserve a type which has ceased to exist. This nobleman had a weakness for magnificence and an extraordinarily Catholic taste. The decorations of his house ranged from paintings by Rossetti to doorway curtains of split cane and glass beads. Nor was he more fastidious in his own dress. He might frequently be seen, under the frankly admiring gaze of his devoted wife, returning from an early morning bathe clad in a green tam-o-shanter, a vivid blazer, and a pink shirt.

"Does not dearest Cyril look too beautiful this morning?" Lady Battersea cried. "Dearest Cyril I was saying how beautiful you looked!" It was too much, as John Brown said when Queen Victoria

gave him a plated biscuit-tin on the Prince Consort's birthday. "Oh, Connie," he called, "how *can* you be so silly?" On his motor there was a horn which when the bulb was pressed, emitted gay bugling sounds. He loved to tear about the country at sixty miles an hour, and sitting beside the chauffeur, to press the bulb on coming to a corner or passing through a village. She inside, was divided between terror at this excessive pace and admiration of the music. "Are we going too fast!" she said to her companion, "and does not Cyril use the horn beautifully? He makes it sound just like a bugle . . . ". One night at dinner—he dined in a ruby-coloured velvet suit—he referred appositely but with Rabelaisian frankness to an unsavoury divorce case that was in progress. "I call it *Love's Labour Lost*," he said. "Cyril, how can you?" exclaimed Lady Battersea in a shocked voice from the other end of the table, and put up her hand to hide her blushes. But she could not maintain a disapproving attitude and beamed at him. "Dearest Cyril, you are too brilliant!" she cried. "Love's Labour Lost! Is that not clever? Did you hear what dearest Cyril said, Mr. Balfour?" And when her admiration ceased to boil over, she asked Mr. Balfour if he was not very fond of reading.

Benson was never happy unless he had a book in hand. With all his interests, and they were many and various, and with his great love of games and skating and art and chess and music, not to mention his friendships, Benson felt that there was something missing in his day if he did not put in several hours on a book. He could be admirably self-critical. When he realized that he was losing some of the great popularity which had come to him with his first novel, *Dodo*, Benson took stock of his achievement. He read carefully the works of the admired novelists of the time. Some he found hard to follow. Others, he felt, had acquired lucidity by a blank disregard of euphony. They were full of jerks. Benson felt that the best told story in the world is the parable of the Prodigal Son. He disliked the tendencies of modern fiction which were wont, as he remarked, to make its studies of morality in the monkey house and to follow its heroines to the water-closet. Benson thought that his approach to fiction was out of fashion and so he turned to biography and reminiscence with very great success. In *As We Were, As We Are*, and in his careful and authoritative study of Charlotte Brontë he writes with his unfailing ease and shows his acute selective powers at their underestimated best. For some reason it is an English habit to undervalue writers who make us laugh. With the publication of *Dodo* Benson acquired a reputation for "brilliance," which somehow carried with it a hint of the meretricious. This was exceedingly unfair. In the biographies Benson put in a large amount of spade-work to get his facts rights, and in the consistently entertaining and highly polished *Final Edition*

written when the author was in the grip of a mortal illness and finished only a week before he died, he wrote and rewrote until these very varied reminiscences were moulded to his satisfaction. In years to come Benson's personal writings will be read with sympathy and amusement by readers who will also treasure the work of William Hickey, Greevey, and Greville.

It is becoming a commonplace to deprecate the work of a man as soon as he is dead, and Sir Hugh Walpole's novels received rough handling last year, largely because of the remarkable fluency and facility with which he wrote. In time his books will probably recover a measure of popularity because he wrote easily and could tell a story. He developed very little as a novelist. Recently I read two of his books written at a distance of over thirty years and there was very little difference in style or method. Both had freshness and zest. These are qualities which you will find in *Roman Fountain* which is ostensibly the record of Walpole's experiences when he was in Rome for the Papal Ceremonies early in 1939. In fact the book is an interesting causerie. Walpole could be an excellent talker on occasion, and here he moves to and fro across the eventful experiences of different stages of his life with sane self-criticism and lively revelation. *Roman Fountain* provides an interesting contrast to *In The Mill*, Mr. Masefield's recent autobiographical volume.

It seems to me that with every prose book he writes the Poet Laureate tends to become more austere and economical in his method. He delights to confine himself to the statement of essentials. He has become averse to the flavouring which personal commentary can give to a narrative. It is a method which leaves facts to explain themselves, the very opposite to Walpole's practice. I do not think it is altogether imagination on my part that gives to Mr. Masefield's earlier works, *Gallipoli* and *The Old Front Line* a crispness and colour which his recent book on Dunkirk and *In The Mill* lack. I do not attribute this to flagging inventive powers or to any decline of interest in the writer's craft. It is probably owing to a too intense preoccupation with the niceties of self-expression that the increased austerity of Mr. Masefield's prose style is due. And it is a good thing that the accredited representative of English letters should be as scrupulous in his approach to his chosen medium as his predecessor was.

It is doubtful whether any contemporary writer could write of himself with such excellent reticence as Mr. Masefield does

in this book. There is nobility in it and a pervasive sympathy with the struggles of his fellow men:

> In trying to set down the story of my time in the mill, I have found that for most of the time there was no story; all my life was lived outside the mill or deep within myself. The time ended nearly forty-four years ago, and much of it has dropped from memory. I was very young then, and youth is a time of unhappiness. I was very unhappy, from youth, exile, home-sickness the worry over a friend, and despair of being able to master the fates which offered and attracted. I was also unspeakably, radiantly and burningly happy. I had found my road. It was a deep time, such as one would not be without.

There are wisdom and poetry in this passage, and one is grateful for prose which can convey so much without fuss or the use of the loud pedal. It is fair to say that a number of recent autobiographical writers, including Mr. Somerset Maugham, Air Commodore Charlton, Mr. Forrest Reid, Mr. Christopher Isherwood, Mr. Arthur Waugh, and Rudyard Kipling have had the same great merit.

In ending this short and necessarily inadequate survey of one of the most prevalent and interesting literary forms of the day it is important to stress the fact that the inadequacy of my treatment of it is due to some extent to the very many who have attempted this kind of writing. It is hoped that some of them may be included in subsequent articles which will touch on the literature of travel and of war, but the standard is so high and the writers so many that I owe an apology to writers whose books almost clamour for inclusion and who have not even received a mention.

THE NEW STRATEGIC SITUATION

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

ONCE again the inherent advantages of offensive strategy have been illustrated—power to seize the initiative, to exploit surprise and to concentrate effort at selected points. Although Japan to a remarkble degree dispersed her forces, her numerical superiority in her theatre of ar enabled her to effect concentrations at those points and in those operations where superior numbers were called for—in the Philippines, in the lalay peninsula and Thailand and at Hong Kong. At Pearl Harbour she elied purely on surprise.

The Allied forces are of course equally dispersed and have unfortunately o a large extent lost the power of reinforcing threatened points. This articularly applies to the Philippines, where the U.S.A. may pay a heavy rice for unwillingness to employ conscript troops abroad if it is found that ıere are insufficient forces to meet attempts at invasion. Nevertheless the efence has now opportunities of displaying its undoubted tactical advantages, nd it may be tested to the full, not only in the Philippines but in Malaya nd elsewhere. At Singapore and in Malaya it is believed we have adeuate numbers of first-class troops for defence and it should be possible to einforce both our land and air forces. Here there has been no strategical ırprise and the terrain lends itself to defence. Our weakness may be in ıe air, owing to the vulnerability of our air bases and other air targets. It , however, understood that a number of new airfields have been constructed, nd so long as these remain in our possession and in usable condition our airorce should give a good account of itself. The weight of the advantages ıerefore would appear to lie with the defence, although undoubtedly the ıemy may cause much damage by bombing attacks. Landings near our ıain centres of resistance should meet with fierce opposition, and from those ıat may be effected at greater distances long stretches of difficult country ill have to be traversed. Hong Kong was a different matter. It suffered specially from lack of alternative airfields. How far Burma and ıe Burma road are threatened by land is difficult for the moment to stimate. That heavy air attacks from Thailand will develop may be looked ı as certain, but the terrain presents many difficulties to an invading army.

It is of course the naval situation in the Pacific with its repercussion on ıe naval situation elsewhere that primarily matters, and that is not for me discuss. Obviously neither land nor air-forces in the Pacific theatre have present an independent offensive rôle, they must be subordinated to the rotection of bases from which the Navy may ultimately regain control

of sea communications. The closest co-ordination of the efforts of the three Services is more than ever essential with the Navy's interest predominant. Every soldier must realize how dependent in every theatre the Army is on the Navy, and must appreciate how magnificently the Royal and Merchant Navies have played their part under the most adverse circumstances.

The opening of a new theatre of war in the Far East tends to increase rather than to diminish the importance of the Libyan theatre. An early decisive success there would sensibly reduce the tasks of the Navy and the risks it is bound to accept in co-operating with the Army. After a promising opening of the campaign there was undoubtedly a disappointing sequel. An extremely efficient and hard fighting adversary was encountered who, even if he was to some extent surprised by the method of our attack, was well prepared and quite capable of adjusting himself to the situation and striking shrewd blows. Fortunately he does not seem to have been able seriously to disturb General Auchinleck's essential strategical conception, though its development required modification in consequence of tactical reverses. The situation is now developing in our favour, and now that Tobruk can be used as a supply base and when the main coastal road is cleared at Sollum, the tempo of General Auchinleck's operations may increase. In the meantime there is every indication that Rommel is suffering from lack of essential supplies. He had apparently accumulated large and well distributed reserves in the rear of his defensive frontier positions; whether with a view to taking the initiative or to conducting an active defensive policy is still uncertain. But those reserves have either been exhausted or captured and the operations of the Navy and R.A.F. have greatly reduced the flow of reinforcements of all sorts. That Rommel at the moment is short of supplies is proved by the abandonment of tanks and other weapons and by the condition of prisoners. It has yet to be seen whether he has sufficient reserves accumulated in western Cyrenaica and Tripolitania to enable him to re-equip his army, and to maintain his fighting powers for long. It seems at least that he has lost a large part of his armoured strength and it is improbable that he can replace his losses in that respect unless the Vichy Government gives him new facilities for landing material at Bizerta or elsewhere in French territory. General Auchinleck, on the other hand, should have ample reinforcements and replacements within call. The Russian recovery should justify him in drawing on them fully, and once Tobruk and the coastal road provide better communications he will be able to employ larger forces and move more confidently. Up to the present the circuitous route which his supply services have had to follow, one exposed moreover to enemy raids, must have imposed limitations on the size of his striking force. Rommel is now definitely in retreat under heavy and probably growing pressure. He is using his remaining armoured troops to delay pursuit by short counter thrusts. Delaying action is all the more necessary, for he must have large infantry bodies to get away; and if, as seems probable, he has lost large numbers of unarmoured vehicles it will

difficult to accelerate infantry movement by motorization. Pursued by moured formations and subject to air attack his task is likely to prove fficult, all the more because his line of retreat and communications with ripolitania are threatened. He may of course decide to stop in the western art of Cyrenaica and fight it out on ground which is more defensible and fers less scope for armoured forces. Much, however, may depend on hether he has well stocked reserve depots there. If he has not he would em to have no choice but to follow Graziani's example and attempt to ithdraw to Tripolitania.

Shortly after I wrote last month the German offensive in Russia, which had en brought to a standstill by mud, was renewed when frost hardened the round and snowfalls were still light. And very threatening for a time the ffensive seemed to be. In the north Tikvin on the Leningrad-Vologda rail-ay was captured; practically completing the isolation of Leningrad and pening up the possibility of a thrust to Vologda which would have interrupted ommunication from Archangel and Murmansk to Moscow. In the Moscow egion the situation was even more serious. Violent attacks from the north, orth-west and west made progress and, though penetrations effected were ot deep, the defence was seriously shaken in a number of places. To the outh of the city the situation was even more threatening, especially round ula where not only was a footing gained on the Tula-Moscow road, but a hrust eastwards threatened to interrupt railway communications between Moscow and the south. Again in the south, in spite of Timoshenko's success n reorganizing defences Rostov was captured, and it seemed possible that urther success there might lead to invasion of Caucasia in which the force t Kerch might take part. Sevastopol too was under heavy attack.

Then when the outlook was most critical came an amazing change in the ituation, largely no doubt due to the arrival of the real Russian winter, but ven more to the quality of Russian resistance and the capacity of Russian enerals, especially Timoshenko, to seize an opportunity. Timoshenko's ounter-attack on von Kleist's over-confident thrust at Rostov was evidently ell conceived and admirably executed. It may go down in history as the urning point in the war, but for the moment it can at least be reckoned as he first serious reverse the *Reichswehr* has suffered. Von Kleist was thrown ut of Rostov and compelled to beat a hurried and disorganized retreat, hotly ursued. He had apparently no strong reserves in support and though his earguards are still holding on to Taganrog the Russians appear to have by-assed the town and are harassing his retreat further west. Such counter-ttacks as have been delivered appear to have been local efforts to check pur-uit, and, so far, he does not seem to have been able to organize a counter-ffensive movement on a scale which might retrieve the situation. The fact hat Italian, Rumanian and other non-German troops form a considerable part f von Rundstedt's army must add to the difficulty of collecting reserves, for hey cannot safely be left without a stiffening of German troops. It seems

probable too that von Rundstedt may have had to contribute some of his German reserve formations to the Moscow offensive. Timoshenko has now extended his counter-offensive further north in the Donetz region, which will tend to prevent dangerous concentrations against his pursuing force. On the Moscow and Leningrad fronts winter has probably played a great part in bringing the German offensive to a standstill. Berlin states that deep snow makes it impossible for armoured vehicles to operate, and that the men cannot use their weapons in the intense cold. All the same the Russians have made a number of successful counter-attacks, though with less sensational results than at Rostov. These counter-attacks have been particularly effective at points where Panzer Divisions had effected penetration; presumably because the infantry formations were unable to move to their support. The defeat of the forces that had made progress at Tula and of the force which had captured Tikvin east of Leningrad seem to be the most important results the counter-attacks have achieved.

Daily, however, the Russian counter-attacks are assuming more and more the character of a general offensive, and the German withdrawal that of a retreat. But German capacity for rapid re-organization must be recognized and a new retreat from Moscow cannot be expected. It is hardly conceivable that the Russians are yet in a position to undertake a far reaching counter offensive. Exploitations of their successes against German forces in exposed positions and recapture of ground which would give more elbow room round Moscow is probably as much as can be hoped for, provided that damage inflicted on the German army in the process is commensurate with ground regained.

It is at any rate safe to assume that no renewal of a German offensive against Moscow is now possible this winter unless the Russians by some ill-conceived policy exposed themselves to counter-attack. In the south Timoshenko may be able still further to exploit his victory, but in the north as active harassing policy would appear to be the best course for the Russians to adopt. That would compel the Germans to retain a large number of troops in exposed forward positions and would maintain the strain on their lines of communication. It obviously is undesirable to give the Germans a quiet winter in which to rest and refit their exhausted troops and to build up reserves of material. The Russian air-force, in spite of weather conditions, seem still to be able to operate most effectively, and if it can maintain its activity it might take a large share in harassing operations, especially on railway communications which in winter, when snow interferes with motorized movements, must become of increasing importance.

Naturally the Russians will also have much refitting and reorganization to do. Reserves of material must be accumulated and troops given rest. These conditions therefore would seem to prohibit far-reaching counter-offensive operations during the winter, especially if events in the Far East should entail new Russian commitments.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

THE broad lines of the Japanese plan for the attack on the United States and Great Britain are now clear. A smashing attack was to be delivered on the American fleet at Honolulu behind the screen of the continuance of diplomatic relations and a pretence of a willingness to discuss and settle the points at issue. Success in this attack would, at the best, deprive the United States of their superiority at sea in the Pacific, at the least prevent any interference by the American fleet with the movements of the Japanese armies before they had completed the first stage of their operations. To hinder the movements of any American forces which might not be involved in the hoped-for destruction the stepping stones on the cross-Pacific route, Guam, Midway and Wake islands, were to be simultaneously captured. Considerable military forces had been previously conveyed across the sea into Indo-China on various flimsy and false pretences and these had secured the possession of landing positions and large quantities of material of all kinds in that country besides overawing the feeble Government of Thailand. There was thus no difficulty of an opposed landing to be overcome.

While the combined air and submarine attack was thus providing the necessary cover for the movement of further forces, by the disablement of the United States fleet, other military bodies which had been assembled with their transport in the near neighbourhood of their objectives had the duty of capturing, as rapidly as possible, the two principal naval bases of the United States and Great Britain—Cavite in the Philippines and Singapore. If these could be seized before the American fleet could arrive in the China seas both it and any further British naval forces would be without any bases from which they could act effectively against the Japanese military communications with China, Indo-China, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies and Thailand, all of which could then be reduced without difficulty by the vastly superior Japanese military forces that could be put into the field. These armies, crossing the northern provinces of Malaya and the isthmus of Thailand to the north of Malaya, would seize anchorages on the west coast, thus providing Japan with bases on the Bay of Bengal from which her cruisers and submarines and long distance bombers could conduct an intensive war upon the lines of supply of the naval and military forces in the eastern area, the trade of the Indian Ocean, and the supplies going to the British armies in Egypt, and the Russian armies via the Cape of Good Hope, the Red Sea and

the Persian Gulf. At the time of writing the useful position of port Victoria has already been occupied.

All of the movements of this far reaching scheme needed to be most accurately co-ordinated and timed so that the blows should fall simultaneously in Hawaii, on the mid-Pacific bases and on the coast of Malaya. The preliminary movements must have been made many weeks before, for whether the immediate point of departure of the forces aimed at Hawaii, Wake and Midway islands was a home base in Japan or one in the mandated islands, the aircraft carriers, submarines and whatever escorting vessels accompanied them had to start from the main Japanese islands. Thus the minimum distance that the force attacking Hawaii had to cover was some 3,400 miles and, if they sailed via the Mariana Islands , as is very probable, some extra hundreds of miles must be added. As submarines whose surface speed on such a voyage would be unlikely to exceed 12 knots—though probably that is too high a figure—were among the units in the attack on Pearl Harbour, the ships must have been set in motion at least twelve days earlier. When the time necessary for the assembly, storing and preparing the ships is taken into consideration, apart from any question of the making of the plans which we may assume were made long in advance, it would not be too much to assume that the decision to attack the United States and Britain was made, at the latest, a month beforehand and that the interval was used to maintain the pretence of a desire to continue negotiations with an intention to arrive at a settlement. An active "Fifth Column," we now learn, had been organized to prepare the way and dislocate the defence as its counterpart did in Norway and the Low Countries.

The completeness, no less than the spirit in which these plans were evolved, must even excite the envy and extort the admiration of the perpetrators of the treacheries in Norway, Holland, Belgium, Greece, Albania and Yugoslavia. In that illuminating disclosure of German mentality *Thus spake Germany* an apposite quotation is given from the writings of the Munich Professor of Modern History, Albrecht Wirth:

> When one is contemplating war it is best not to say a word about it, to envelop one's designs in profound mystery; then suddenly and unawares, one leaps like a thief in the dark, like the Japanese torpedo boats against Port Arthur, throwing all caution to the winds, like Frederick II. hurling himself on Silesia.

The method had succeeded in the countries attacked by Hitler and Mussolini; the precedent in 1904 had proved an incomplete success. It needed only to be interpreted in terms of the modern implements of war and such weaknesses as there were in it eliminated. For the torpedo boat of that day we have the aircraft and submarine, and the movable aerodrome, the carrier, was available to bring the aircraft within striking range of the American base.

Success as there was at Port Arthur—for though all that was aimed at was not achieved, some success was attained—was due to the total lack of precaution on the part of the Russian commander. It was with that in my

mind that, writing in mid November for The Fortnightly I expressed the hope that it was "unlikely a similar unreadiness would exist in the allied fleet during a time of strained relations such as those of to-day." Unhappily it appears from the report of Colonel Knox there was unreadiness. The precautions that were lacking at Port Arthur were twofold. The fleet was not moved into the security of an enclosed and well protected harbour and no patrols were being maintained to seaward to give notice of an approach and break up the attack of an enemy force. While it is not possible to provide harbour defences which shall exclude aircraft, as booms, breakwaters and mines exclude surface and submarine torpedo craft, it is possible to meet those craft with fighters, provided warning is given in time for the fighters to get into the air. But such patrols must be well out to sea and there must be no doubt that they shall be so disposed as to ensure sighting the enemy. Useful and long-visioned as air craft are it is dangerous to place one's reliance on them alone—the failure of the German aircraft sent off the East Coast before Jutland to give notice of any move of the Grand Fleet is a case in point. Surface scouting forces are also required. The American air patrol, so Colonel Knox reports, gave no warning and the attack was a surprise. That it did not do more than it did is a tribute to the skill and resource of the fleet.

Though the desired surprise was unfortunately achieved the results must assuredly fall short of Japanese hopes. One battleship destroyed, one rendered unserviceable for a prolonged time and three destroyers sunk are certainly a serious diminution of the allied fleet in the Pacific. But that fleet is not disabled. It put to sea and went in search of the enemy with its battleships, cruisers, destroyers and aircraft carriers. Moral effects, too, have to be put in the scales of the balance against material effects and it may well prove that the welding together of discordant elements in the nation's body politic is a greater asset than the lost ships.

On the other side of the Pacific the Japanese armies were thrown simultaneously into the Philippines and Malaya and against Hong Kong; for the sea was open and safe for the passage of those invasionary bodies and no strong opposition could be organized at the numerous points at which landings were made on that long stretch of coast. Certainly there is some matter for surprise that landings in force should have been possible on the East coast in the North East monsoon. It was, it appears, to interrupt those landings that Admiral Phillips put to sea with his two battleships, accompanied by a destroyer screen for protection against submarine attack and in the expectation that shore based aircraft would come to his assistance if attacked by enemy aircraft, an expectation that was disappointed, for the aerodromes had fallen into the enemy's hands. In the absence of any information as to the situation or the forces available in Singapore it is impossible to comment on the decision taken. One can only say that normally the vessels most suitable for the destruction of transport vessels and craft are cruisers, flotilla vessels

and aircraft—numbers and ability to penetrate into shoal waters are needed, not size. The function of the heavy ships is to cover these vessels against heavy ships. It seems proper to assume that the cruisers and flotilla craft were not available and that it is to the limitation on those two classes of fighting ships that was so unwisely accepted by Parliament in the Treaty of London that we now owe, in part at least, the loss of two battleships, as we owe the loss of thousands of tons of shipping to the same cause.

In the meantime, what of the future? To predict what will happen is impossible, but the factors in the situation can be broadly indicated. Four outstanding sets of operations, two of them military and two naval, are in progress. The military operations are those concerned with the defence of Singapore and with the larger though not so immediately crucial business of driving the enemy's armies from Thailand and Indo-China—or any other territory into which he may succeed in penetrating in the meantime, including any positions he may have occupied on the west coast to serve as bases for attacks by sea upon the communications in the Indian Ocean. The naval operations are those concerning attack on the military and commercial communications of the enemy throughout the China seas and defence of the shipping in the Indian Ocean—the trade, the supplies of the army and the fleet in the Far East, the shipping taking munitions via the Cape of Good Hope to the army in Egypt, via the Red Sea, and those bound to the Persian Gulf for the Russian army. Every available submarine is now needed to attack the military communications of the large Japanese army which is now committed to an oversea campaign, and, in co-ordination with this offensive, another against the coastal communications which form an important element in Japan's distributive system. In the Indian Ocean we shall shortly see a *guerre de course* on an extensive scale. Japan has followed the German example of a "pocket battleship" policy, bettering it with more powerful ships, mounting 12in. guns in place of the German 11in. To guard the communications of the many kinds in the Eastern seas will call for the services of heavy ships, and therefore the sooner we can rid ourselves of the incubus of the remains of the Italian heavy ships the better. Inefficient and unenterprising though the Italian command has been for the last eighteen months its heavy ships are containing a body of British ships that are wanted elsewhere.

We are all familiar with the saying "The sea is all one." That saying has a wider interpretation to-day. Not the sea only but the air and land also are all one in this world war. Mr. Roosevelt did well in his fireside talk to remind his countrymen of this fundamental strategical fact. Every theatre of this war, all the land, sea and air forces are interconnected and interdependent. As he said, guerrillas in Serbia, a Russian offensive, a British victory on land or sea all have their repercussions in America; a Japanese success in the Pacific helps the Germans in Libya, a German success in the Caucasus is an aid to Japanese attack on the Dutch East Indies. So too he might have added

a Japanese success in Malaya affects the whole Russian front from Leningrad to the Black Sea as it prejudices the supply of tanks and many other munitions which Russia needs from the United States and Britain.

How the Japanese entry into the war will affect the Vichy Government's willingness to "co-operate" and in what form remains to be seen. One thing is certain. Hard blows will now be struck in the Mediterranean, and the pressure upon Vichy for the French African bases, both in the Mediterranean, and on the Atlantic, and for the assistance of the French navy, will be redoubled. At the beginning of the war the pernicious catchword was "Time is on our side." That delusion was swept away when France capitulated, but now a new and not less mistaken catchword is taking its place—"the allied resources outweigh those of the enemy." The importance of resources is unquestioned, but he wins who uses them with foresight, intelligence and vigour. So far there has been little of these in the direction of the war. Opportunities have been missed—Trondhjem, Dakar, Crete and, if Admiral Keyes is right, in the refusal to make any use of the picked and well equipped Commando forces. The bravery of the fighting men at sea, on land and in the air can do nothing if the hands which direct lack the qualities needed.

EBB AND FLOW—A BOOK COMMENTARY

By Stephen Gwynn

LET us now praise men in their manliness. Henry Nevinson, whose life was an honour to British journalism, had a strongly marked individuality; yet he belonged to a well marked type of which I have been happy enough to know four examples: self-constituted knights errant, champions of the underdog, upholders of chivalry as a principle, devoted to the sanctity of freedom but no very devout respecters of any government—indeed, all having some dash of the rebel, not always latent. Two, I rejoice, to say are alive, and one needs no comment; the House of Commons has known Colonel Wedgwood for five and thirty years. The other survivor also saw Parliament from the inside, but mighty long ago; Captain Henry Harrison was a Balliol undergraduate when he got to grips with police who were evicting Donegal cottiers, and this led to his election for a Nationalist constituency. Parnell spoke of him as "a stripling"; but very soon "Parnell's stripling" had to stand behind his chief in bitter times of the "split"—half a century ago. Since then, he has been unswerving in service to all that Parnell stood for; and in 1914 when Parnell's successor called for an Irish brigade, Harrison turned out, and so, like Colonel Wedgwood, became knight errant in arms. I met him in France, well on in the forties and badly touched with deafness, none the less a scout-officer, prowling about in No Man's Land, where he earned more than the good subaltern's ordinary distinction; his Military Cross got a bar to it.

Chivalry as a Principle

Another Irishman in my list is Roger Casement of tragic memory. Everybody remembers that he did his utmost to get German support for the Irish insurrection in 1916, and this has blotted out memory of his earlier work in Africa where one might almost say that single-handed he destroyed that abomination, the Congo Free State; no other of the four can show a comparable achievement. It was bitter to find this magnificent creature throwing in his lot against the Irish fighting men whom Captain Harrison represented. Yet in fact the movement which Casement supported won from English statesmen what was denied to us when we asked in the name of the Irish soldiery. Perhaps he saw clearer than the rest of us; at all events, he paid the uttermost price. His final actions will always need generous construction; and there never was a judge to whom I would sooner leave them than the great Englishman whom I have associated with this Irish felon. Nevinson's pen was a weapon essentially of defence, though never for himself. Perhaps the needs of advocacy deprive us of a good deal which might have come from him; writing in *Time and Tide* Mr. Edward Thompson says

that the best of his work was in verse. He makes his case by quoting a lyric in which Nevinson carelessly dismissing his *animula, vagula, pallidula, nudula, frigidula,* cries out—

> "But for my body, what shall come of it?
> Dear host and comrade of the soul,"
> I do deplore the destiny unfit—
> That graveyard hole.

Glad one may well be to have known such a man; glad also that his later life gained the companionship of another fighting pacifist as chivalrous as himself when he married Evelyn Sharp.

* * * * *

British Rule in East Africa

A book has just been published which appeals strongly to all that Nevinson upheld; indeed Dr. Norman Leys tells us it was read in proof by Mr. Brailsford, perhaps Nevinson's closest associate. To be plain-spoken, *The Colour Bar in East Africa** makes thoroughly uncomfortable reading, especially because of its studied care to avoid violent expression. The English people are under strong temptation to self-righteousness, above all in whatever concerns the guardianship of freedom; it is a shock to be told that in one great region they have hauled down to half-mast the standard which their ancestors a century ago set flying proudly. England in Wilberforce's day decided on the simple and drastic remedy of making all the inhabitants in her colonies "equal before the law." Yet "men who believe in and practise the policy of inequality, of discrimination, on the ground of race, are in practically unchallenged authority in half of British Africa." Further Dr. Leys says that colour bars are "not found outside of British rule in Africa." They do not exist in French, Portuguese or Belgian territory. "In British West Africa they hardly exist; in the West Indies the policy of equal rights has scarcely been encroached upon." But in British East Africa, "the policy of the colour bar pervades all life" and the labourer's daily income (allowing for the value of home-grown food) varies from 4d. to 9d., as against 9d. to 1s. in West Africa, and 2s. to 4s. in the West Indies. The white man in East Africa has established a monopoly of all gainful occupations and has confirmed it, positively by law, and negatively by withholding such education as would qualify the African for higher wages. Rulers there are zealous to protect natives from the evil of becoming "de-tribalized"; in a tribal state, it is held, they were happier, and pleasanter to deal with. But at the same time the protecting power makes it essential for every African in these countries to have money—which in tribal conditions was not a necessity. Taxes have to be paid and virtually can only be earned by working for some European employer. Money cannot be got out of the land, because about half of the really cultivable soil has been given to Europeans so that the African is restricted to a very small holding, and is forbidden by law to purchase land or lease land. This in his own country! Dr. Leys very justly observes that the English people would not tolerate such a law if they knew of its existence. He notes also that the constitution of Southern Rhodesia, framed in 1923, when Mr. Churchill was Colonial Secretary, "contained no trace of a colour bar and explicitly asserted the right of Africans to own land anywhere in the territory." But "one of Mr. Churchill's successors" allowed a change in the constitution by which Africans are barred from owning or leasing land in the more eligible and practically all the well-watered parts. They may live there only if they

* Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

are in European employment, and this is the position of the great majority. In a word East Africa is being run for the convenience of the small European element. Money is spent lavishly to provide schooling for European children; less lavishly for Indian children; penuriously for the Africans. British rule in East Africa does not aim at producing educated natives. These facts ought to be familiar to every member of the House of Commons, for Parliament has a direct responsibility. One Labour member, Mr. Creech Jones, apparently follows up this matter, and will no doubt find himself condemned as a crank, interfering where he has no knowledge. The best authority on Africa that I ever knew was Mary Kingsley, and she said that there was one sure guidance in dealing with Africans—to give them justice according to your strictest conception of what is fair between man and man, as justice will always be understood. Much of what Dr. Leys describes cannot be reconciled with any conception of decent trusteeship. He makes it plain that if the British Empire insists on enforcing equality of rights, irrespective of colour, the Empire may have to face the total secession of South Africa. Yet not even that should force Parliament to tolerate injustice where it is responsible.

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Colonial Frenchmen

Here at least France gives us what is pleasant to think of. Since the Revolution she has stood for the Roman conception of citizenship. Every Senegalese has thought of himself as a Frenchman and we know what the Senegalese infantry have been worth to France. But Professor Denis Saurat (Director of London's Institut Français) tells in his book *Watch on Africa** how powerfully the educated African also has helped France in her darkest hour. At the very centre of the continent in the Chad region a man "much blacker than any of his subjects in Equatorial Africa" was Governor-General. From the first Governor Eboué took his stand on the side of General de Gaulle, and M. Saurat translates an extract from the proclamation which he issued in January, 1941:

> Since we have been able to unravel, and as a whole very simply, what was for so many others a very serious moral crisis, there must have been a spiritual fund in our nation to which we all could and did appeal. Soon we shall re-enter France, and it is only too likely that we shall find in France, together with the ruins heaped up by the enemy, subjects of profound internal discord . . . . From to-day onwards let us liberate our souls from any narrow and aggressive mood so as to be able and worthy tomorrow to reconstruct France to the innermost of her soul.

Here the black man, West Indian born, governing black men African born, speaks as a Frenchman for France. This is a long way from that conception of what an African is and must be which underlies all the action of British administrators in Kenya or Rhodesia. Yet that example of what a black Frenchman may become is not unique. Some years back, the Prix Goncourt was awarded to a novel dealing with life in the Central African bush; its author was a native African who was employed there in some administrative post.

M. Saurat writes without professing any special knowledge of Africa, but, as a witty Frenchman who went out to visit key positions of Free France, he writes entertainingly and with fine insight, amongst other subjects, concerning General Larminat and Admiral Muselier. But I am specially grateful to him for the quotation from Governor Eboué—and for the photograph of this big solid French citizen in whom M. Saurat sees "a real negro king."

* Dent. 8s. 6d.

A World Language

In a series devoted to "Current Problems," Dr. Routh (formerly Professor of English Literature and Institutions at the University of Athens) considers how best to promote *The Diffusion of English Culture*.* With intrepid assurance that after this war England will be the world's leading power, he assumes that a vast number of persons will desire to know English, not so much for their pleasure and enlightenment as for their convenience. None the less, well directed teaching may increase their understanding and appreciation of the English genius and of English institutions; it may lessen the unpopularity which he thinks is likely to spring from a sense of England's interfering dominance. Broadly, if I understand him rightly, he wishes that behind the teaching and with the teaching, should be a sense that English does not belong to England only, nor only to the English-speaking nations. It should be taught as a world language, in which all contemporary civilization has a right, as once all Europe had in Latin.

> At present between six and seven hundred millions use English either as their native language or as the language of government and commerce . . . . Our nearest competitor is China with a paltry four hundred and fifty million; the rest—nowhere.

These are awe-inspiring if not frightening figures; and obviously English may suffer a sea change into something stranger rather than richer. Yet Helen Waddell has made us all aware what vivid life the wandering scholars could put into Latin; and if Dr. Routh gets his way, the process of world-wide instruction will be directed from a central truly English institution through men as carefully selected and as well paid as Indian Civil servants. "'Culture' is not to be given too humanistic an interpretation," he says; and of course the word is among the least definable. But one hopeful thought presents itself. If through the mercy of providence England is guided after victory by the man who dragged her out of defeat, the world will be at no loss to comprehend what is meant by English culture. So radiant an intelligence as Mr. Churchill's has not been put into any other man of our time; take as a trivial instance the swift image by which from the first he made us understand this Libyan battle of tanks in the desert by pointing out its analogy to a sea fight. All the professional military commentators could not by their combined efforts so illuminate. But there is more solid proof in a piece of prose now several years old. Lady Rhondda has had the inspiration to reproduce in the Christmas number of *Time and Tide* what Mr. Churchill wrote about Moses. Germany's accusation against England and against the United States is that they are in bondage to the Jews. Mr. Churchill would reply that the condemnation of Nazi doctrine is precisely found in that campaign of persecution which Christianity condemns, humanity condemns, and even humanism revolts against; for in truth German culture owes more to Heine than to almost all of its Aryans. Yet what Germans think, or are forced to think, about Jewry need not concern us; but when famous Frenchmen begin tentatively to approve the Jew-baiters, we may be thankful for a great Englishman who can translate into vivid modern terms the Saga of Moses whose essential historic truth events of the present time bring home to us. Here indeed is truly a step towards the diffusion of English culture. There is no better test of a nation's quality than the part which Jews play in it, and no nation can stand that test better than the one which to-day listens to every word that falls from Winston Churchill.

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* Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF POLAND, from Augustus II. to Pilsudski (1697-1935). *Cambridge University Press.* 30*s.*

When the rulers of states consider themselves strong enough to annex a neighbour's territory, they usually give some high-sounding explanation. Seldom do they follow the example of Frederick the Great who, when he occupied western Poland in 1772, simply said that those provinces were necessary to round off the lands of Prussia. At that same time Catherine of Russia preferred to invoke her right to Polish territories which eight centuries earlier had formed the Grand Duchy of Saint Vladimir of Kieff. To-day we hear publicists of Dr. Goebbels' school demanding the incorporation of France into the German *lebensraum* on the ground that a thousand years ago France formed part of Charlemagne's Empire.

Strictly speaking this book is the second volume of the history of Poland; the first awaits completion in more favourable times. Thus the reader finds himself in the middle of an historical process and if he is without knowledge of the earlier stages he will meet some baffling problems. Poland's history is to a large extent a chronicle of clashes with her western and eastern neighbours over territory and her external problems of the 17th century are therefore given proportion by the editors' summaries describing previous happenings. Some of their generalizations demand an analysis which can only be complete when the first volume is published. It is to be regretted that the author of the two chapters on the partitions says that Russia might well incorporate the Poles' old Russian lands instead of calling them *Ruthenian* lands. The use of the former word may make the reader think that Catherine's assertion as to the "Russian" character of Eastern Poland was something better than pure propaganda.

The Introductory note contains this passage:

> The fundamental cause of Polish retrogression was undoubtedly the overwhelming preponderance of the squires in the Polish state. There were other nations in Europe where history had given the acres and the administration to the warrior class. Only in Poland, however, did that class monopolize the wealth, the power and the administration, secular and spiritual, social and political, of the whole countryside.

This conveys an opinion which is true not only of the earlier Poland but to a certain limited extent of the occupied Poland until about 1850. At the same time, however, the passage is apt to leave the impression that the state of things was mainly due to the conscious efforts of the landowning class to maintain its monopoly. Undoubtedly, such efforts were made; but similar behaviour on the part of the same class in England and France failed. Why did it succeed in Poland? Military events are one of the main factors in the distribution of wealth; Poland down to our own time suffered constant wars and invasions and in the 17th century she enjoyed but fifteen years of peace. The invaders left only the productive capacity of the land intact; as grain was almost the only source of income it was natural that the wealth of the country was concentrated in the hands of landowners. And, as usual, political and social power followed the wealth. So it was not so much the overgrown egoism of the landowning class which was the cause of Polish retrogression as the fact that wars on her territory were a sort of permanent institution which stifled every new form of existence. This explains many social phenomena of

the old Polish Republic as well as the economic underdevelopment of the new Poland reshaped by the Treaty of Versailles.

Nearly all histories of Poland written after 1772 try to establish the cause of her downfall. Some see it in the system of elective kings which, after giving Poland such rulers as Stefan Batory or Sobieski, introduced the Saxons who were no better than fifth columnists on the Polish throne. Some see it in the individualistic character of Poles; some in the intellectual and practical pacifism which made Poland reduce her army in the beginning of the 18th century, just when Russia, Prussia and Austria increased theirs. For the English speaking world there may be another approach to Polish history. For centuries Poland was ruled by her parliament; till the end of the 18th century England and Poland were the only two countries so ruled. How to explain the success of the one and the failure of the other? Is geographical situation or the character of the inhabitants a more important factor in shaping the destiny of nations? Here is a field unexplored for philosophical interpretation.

The Cambridge History of Poland is the most extensive and detailed account of Polish life ever published in this country. It maintains the tradition of "Cambridge Histories" in its selection of contributors and their knowledge and impartiality in presenting events. Let us hope that when the editors achieve publication of the first volume it will contain an ample account of early Poland's territorial problems as well as an analysis of her parliamentary system, which will be of special interest to British students of history and of comparative institutions.

TYTUS FILIPOWICZ.

HOUSMAN, 1897-1936, by Grant Richards. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

What a genial and candid Barabbas Mr. Grant Richards proves to be in this book on his most distinguished author! The relationship between author and publisher is one about which no two debaters can agree, because it varies as subtly as that ordained by the marriage vow.

Housman, seeing that he was a poet, was fortunate in his publisher. Most publishers are interested in a poet only as a prospective novelist. Mr. Richards knew that his man would never exfoliate in that way, and indeed was likely not to blossom again. But this frost-bitten asset, becoming each year more and more a morose don, was tenderly guarded and watered with discreet publicity by Mr. Richards. His faithfulness was unshaken by his financial bankruptcy, and when he started afresh as a publisher, *A Shropshire Lad* marched at the head of his catalogue. It may be argued that this book happened to be a constant seller. I suspect, however, that its career has been urged forward with the utmost skill by its publisher's careful pricing and timing of edition after edition; and all this in spite of the author's affectation of indifference and curmudgeonly meticulousness over commas. It is true that Housman refused to take his royalties. But that must have made him only the more embarrassing a personality to handle.

The legends about Housman's personality were well aired during the few weeks after his death, when the obituaries were long and many. Extracts from them appear toward the end of this book, together with the detractions, the most notable of which was that by Mr. Connolly in *The New Statesman.* Such activi-

ties round about the work and personality of a poet are amusing. We can never ascertain how much effect they have. The hungry generations come, sample the work, accept or reject it. So the process goes on, immeasurable by critics.

But Mr. Richards has collected everything left uncollected by the poet's brother Laurence and by Mr. Gow, in their respective studies. The book is, in the author's own words

> not a critical study. It is largely the story of my own business relation and my own friendship with Alfred Housman in the years that followed the first, almost abortive, publication of *A Shropshire Lad*, a friendship that lasted in spite of many trials, until his death.

I should not call that first publication abortive. In 1896 Housman produced the book, at his own expense, through Kegan Paul, in an edition of five hundred. I should rather agree with Sir William Rothenstein, who says that it had "an immediate success." Figures bear this out. Several important journals (Mr. Richards gives details) singled out the poems and hailed a poet of distinction. The whole of this edition was sold out in two years, and the author received his thirty pounds with a profit of £2/5/3. That is astonishing success for a book of verse by a new writer.

It was at this stage that Mr. Richards took over the book and put out a second edition, with another shilling on the price. Of that second edition of five hundred, 115 were sold in the first month! By the end of seven years, 1475 copies had been sold. With this proof of fame, Mr. Richards felt justified in putting his author on a pedestal, and from that time forward he treated him as one of the great. He even published the product of Housman's second personality; Housman the pedant. After much minute care, with growlings from the scholar, the now famous edition of the Latin poet Manilius appeared, at the author's expense.

Such slender commerce between immortal and publisher was signally celebrated by a banquet. When Mr. Richards' first publishing venture went bankrupt in 1904, he invited the Housman brothers to a meal at the Carlton, and gave them an epicurean feast of hedgehog and snails, with the appropriate wines. Such a gesture, surely, was one of the most notable events in the history of British publishing. It appealed both to Housman's vanity and his fastidious palate. Of the skill and experience of that palate, Mr. Richards never wearies of writing. Of the vanity, he quotes a letter from the poet.

> Vanity, not avarice, is my ruling passion; and so long as young men write to me from America saying that they would rather part with their hair than with their copy of my book, I do not feel the need of food and drink.

Nevertheless, he was particular about that food and drink. Together with his Manilius, they occupied his long life at Cambridge, protecting him from the legend which had gathered around his personality, and the fame which had surrounded his one book of poems. It is, to-day, a curious spectacle; the egoist, concerned with his bachelor luxury, damning the printer who misplaced a comma, and finding Cambridge "an asylum, in more senses than one." Perhaps his own irony, in that phrase so characteristic of him, had a second edge which even he did not perceive.

RICHARD CHURCH.

FOLIOS OF NEW WRITING, Autumn, 1941. *The Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE PENGUIN NEW WRITING, No. 9. 6*d.*

Here is good provocation to debate. After the Franco-Prussian War, writes Walter Allen, "Flaubert visited Paris and saw the ruins of the Tuileries. 'This would never have happened,' he said, 'if only they had understood *Sentimental Education.*' Of course he was right—" (*Penguin,* page 120). Of the English writers of the thirties "nearly all," John Lehmann remarks, "had foreseen a great catastrophe just ahead of them, and had filled their poetry with warning and exhortation in the hope that it might be avoided" (*Folios,* 7). Other words of Allen, who reminds us that Flaubert disavowed all moral intentions, may come as a rejoinder—"The artists of the thirties . . . wanted to be the men who would change history. It is only now that we have re-discovered that

> Art is not life, and cannot be
> A midwife to society.

The period of political faith is over; whether we like it or not, 'absolute doubt,' it seems to me, is forced upon us once again." (*Penguin* 124-5). As against this, Rex Warner declares that the vital questions as to the form of the coming socialism "are decided in the long run by the thoughts and desires, conscious and unconscious, of the ordinary man and woman. Now it is here . . . that poets and writers generally are still the 'unacknowledged legislators of the world,' and it may be that at the present time we have more need of them than ever before" (*Folios* 188-9).

We may reverence anyone so detached and singly devoted to his art as Flaubert, yet thank heaven that not all the best writers conform to his inhuman ideal. For a world in convulsion Flaubert is not enough; we need also poets and writers of burning purpose—religious, moral, social—who want to "change history." In the highest art such purpose will be subdued to the imagination, and may thereby be the more powerful in the world of action; but let us not be such pedants as to scorn the lesser and impure art in which purpose is too naked.

In another respect the great Flaubert is not enough: he "suffered from no idealistic delusions concerning human nature;—the only admirable characters in his novels are the stupid or the very poor" (*Penguin,* 120). Now these are not the only admirable characters in real life, even in a decaying society. A powerful disillusioned writer, whose form of delusion about human nature is that he cannot see the health for the corruption, is sometimes a most needed medicine. But if all writers were to conform, the result would be an overdose, a poison. We need writers who can see the good (as well as the bad, which is easier), and who are courageous enough, after past disillusionments, still to hope and risk being disillusioned again.

The writers of the thirties have been crudely attacked; yet, however great their excuse, there was too much disillusion in their excessive suspicion of the Government at the outbreak of war, and in their overcautious attitude (see *Folios,* 6). There is too much in *England* (*Autumn, 1938*) by A. S. J. Tessimond, a poet of slight output always welcome for his exquisite sense of phrase (*Penguin,* 114). The partial justice of his summing-up is injustice in the whole. Look for anything to restore the balance, and you will hardly find it, though you will find Henry Green's allusion to "the

perennial hypocrisy in England" (*Folios*, 50).

Generally there is little positive sign of a continuing desire to "change history." There is plenty of social realism, also touched by disillusion, and some more purely imaginative work, neither being of a kind to influence "the thoughts and desires of the ordinary man and woman" towards the decision of vital questions. Rex Warner points to a need which *New Writing* does not here supply.

But there are things to be grateful for. Outstanding prose items are a queerly vivid piece by Dylan Thomas (*Folios*, 19), and perhaps next to it *Twenty Tons of Coal*, an impressive story of tragedy in a coal-mine by B. L. Coombes (*Penguin*, 39). Then there is a generous introduction by William Plomer to a group of New woman" towards the decision of Zealand writers (*Folios*, 55), one of whom, Roderick Finlayson, follows it with a good story. Henry Green pays just tribute to Doughty (*Folios*, 44), but makes a bad slip in his turgid and self-conscious final paragraph. Lawrence did not in fact close the *Seven Pillars* with the phrases referred to. Mr. Green has been looking at the end of *Revolt in the Desert*, that abridgment in which Lawrence confessed that he had "purposely whittled" his book "into nonentity."

Last, there is some good verse, notably by Stephen Spender (but his moving *No Orpheus, No Eurydice* is marred by the bathos of a Bank Holiday image) and by David Gascoyne in *Folios*, and by Charles Brasch, a young New Zealander, in the *Penguin*. But we look for something to take the place of the old "warning and exhortation," for more hope and direction—offered perhaps with more humility—to the ordinary man.

G. Rostrevor Hamilton.

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER, by Harvey Cushing. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

A first reaction on opening this book was to question whether any man is worth 1,400 pages of biography, especially after two years of total war. The query receives at least one sort of answer from the fact that the book has been in steady demand since it was first published in 1925. It has come to be regarded as one of the great medical biographies, and the publishers are to be congratulated on producing this one-volume edition. The dedication is "To Medical Students," and one can imagine no better gift for them.

But if the book were of interest only to medical men there would be no point in reviewing it in these pages. Osler, however, was more than a great doctor and an unusually inspiring teacher; he was a man with a very wide range of interests which brought him innumerable important contacts. Wherever one opens the book there is something to hold the attention, and gradually there is built up the picture of a man whom it would have been a privilege and an education to have known.

Osler was a "son of the manse," born in Canada in 1849. He was a teacher all his working life, at four universities, in three countries—Canada first inviting him to McGill, the United States successively to Philadelphia and Johns Hopkins, and England finally to Oxford as Regius Professor of Medicine. His life covered a period of intense activity in medicine and the allied sciences, and it is fascinating to watch the reactions of an acute and exceptionally informed mind to the historic discoveries of Lister, Pasteur, Koch, Ehrlich and others, as they were made, and sometimes too precipitately announced.

The question of the best type of medical education has been well to

the fore recently, even reaching the correspondence columns of *The Times*. Why should the normal doctor, the general practitioner, have to spend so much of his time as a student clogging his memory with an immense array of mere names, which he will promptly forget so soon as the relevant examination has been safely passed? The problem has been posed recently in the *B.M.J.* in these terms:

> How shall the medical education of the future help to develop a breed of doctors better blessed with humanity and judgment, with simultaneous gain rather than loss to their scientific sense?

The words might almost have been written with Osler in mind. He himself embodied these ideals, and he fought for them all his life, to the increasing advantage of both the profession and the general public.

Whilst the years in Canada and the United States have their own special interest, the period at Oxford is naturally closest to English readers. H. A. L. Fisher recalls it in glowing terms:

> Though Oxford is proverbially hospitable and generous, she does not easily capitulate to strangers, especially if their claim to distinction rests upon scientific rather than on literary grounds, but Osler left Oxford no choice, and from the first the surrender of the university was absolute and immediate. Of course his great reputation as a physician and medical writer had preceded him, but we immediately discovered that finished competence in his own art and science was but a small part of the man, that the new Regius Professor was the least professional of doctors and the least academic of professors, that he was amazingly devoid of vanity and pedantic inhibitions, that his spirit was free, alert, vivacious, and that there was apparently no end to the span of his interests or to the vivid life-giving energy which he was prepared to throw into any task which fell to him to discharge. Old and young alike acknowledged his mastery and never left his presence without feeling the magnetism of the man and that insatiable, but unobtrusive appetite for helpfulness which made him the prince of friends and benefactors.

Something of this man's magnetism has got into his biography.

H. E. A. CONDON.

CINNAMON AND ANGELICA, A Play, by John Middleton Murry. *Andrews Dakers.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

CREATIVE LOVE AND KINDRED POEMS, by Herbert Hyam. *Basil Blackwell.* 5*s.*

GROPING POET, by W. D. Dunkerley, *Basil Blackwell.* 5*s.*

EIGHT OXFORD POETS, Selected by Michael Meyer and Sidney Keyes. *George Routledge & Sons.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

After I had finished reading the four books listed above I wondered whether the reaction in poetry, perhaps overdue, was upon us. True, *Cinnamon and Angelica,* written at the close of the last war, was first published in 1920, but was not the fact that a new edition had been con-

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sidered timely significant? For this play with its deceptively fanciful names is of the very stuff of poetry. It will come as no surprise to anyone who has read that masterpiece of contemporary criticism, *Keats And Shakespeare*, that the author should be inhabited by those two poets. His diction is quite astonishingly Shakespearian, in sudden passages of breath-taking beauty Keatsian, but without plagiarism for the inspiration springs from deep sources. The plot enables Mr. Murry to reveal not so much a "country of the mind" as a country of the heart and soul and senses. It is as though he were playing on the instruments of the two major poets, but very softly, tenderly, against a background of love, regret, and aspiration.

> You speak as though you heard the crack of doom,
> The last trump blaring to the awestruck world.

The fable, of a war between the Cloves and the Peppercorns and of love between their rulers, allows of a delicate satire on war and of an incantation to the wonder of love.

> Verily, I believe
> The world is wayward and the wind, but you
> Are what God meant by woman.

It is difficult to quote from the packed vision of this play, but here is a little jewel of poetic drama of a much purer water than one or two verse plays produced fairly recently at the Westminster. It should be performed as Mr. Murry would like, directly opportunity offers.

Mr. Hyam writes also from faith wanted so long, with "a concord of sweet sound." This man has seen something. He has a uniform vision, or rather an all-embracing vision, pantheistic, of the immanence of God in manifestations of Beauty, so that there is a certain sameness, a monotony through the book. The "kindred" poems may almost be considered as one poem, it does not much matter where you read. He is in places like a more passionate Gray who has written not an elegy but a pæan to God. He skips rather lightly over the imperfections of our mortal life, transcends them. At times he recalls Wordsworth:

> I see thy light break through the ground
> In all the lovely flowers of earth;
> I see it in the starry sky;
> In all the precious life thou brought'st to birth.

A man speaks out from the work of Lieutenant-Commander W. D. Dunkerley, R.N., who was lost on active service in August, 1940, while in command of a submarine. If there is too much sing-song in some of his ballad metres, he is original and can often write vividly:

> These will endure when all the woods decay,
> When star-toothed Arctic night devours the day.

He is witty in *Sunday Afternoon*, bitter in *Searchlights Over Valetta* and *Rhythm*, effectively lyrical in *Groping Poet* with its slight echo of Ralph Hodgson, romantic in his joy of living. In *Query to Moderns* he asks:

> Why to so much abundance do you bring
> Uncouth cheap forms which only complicate?

While Mr. Sidney Keyes in a brief Foreword to *Eight Oxford Poets* says that "we are all, with the possible exception of Shaw, *Romantic* writers" and "that we have, on the whole, little sympathy with the Audenian school of poets," I found, nevertheless, in the techniques of Mr. Roy Porter and Mr. Drummond Allison the influence of that school. There is in general in the work of these young men horror at the present situation, preoccupation with death, anxiety, a sense of frustration. They seem already "weary of heavy thinking." Among individual poems I liked especially *A Sea Change* by Gordon Swaine and

Leporello by John Heath-Stubbs. By far the most exciting poet is Mr. Sidney Keyes himself whose poems invariably sing, while most of the others seem baulked or constricted. In the richness and flexibility of his blank verse, in original phrase and striking metaphor, he soars free within the compass of a poet's love of the world.

Why should we wish to hide within the present
Hanging above infinity and waiting
For pain to move, a rabbit in the grass?
Unfocus rather the too-watchful eye
And wander singing in the golden haze
Behind the flock, and take with them your pleasure
At random from each leaf or twig.
One awaits his development.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

THE CHURCH LOOKS AHEAD: A Series of Broadcasts, edited by E. L. Mascall. *Faber and Faber.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE DISCIPLE, by T. R. Glover. *Cambridge University Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE GOSPEL FOR TOMORROW, by the Bishop of Truro. *Penguin Books.* 6*d.*

Last of all in the series of religious broadcasts which were delivered last winter came Mr. T. S. Eliot. In a real sense he had set their tone and scope in his *Idea of a Christian Society*, for each broadcast might have been designed, as perhaps it was, as a comment on that very influential book; and in the end he came to the microphone to set the coping stone on the comments of his predecessors. He spoke on the theme of "Towards a Christian Britain." He gathered up the sum of what his colleagues, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Mr. Maurice Reckitt, Mr. Philip Mairet, Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, Father D'Arcy, and Mr. Demant had previously urged, and he set it all in a mould of imaginative force. His very title had that

FROM a bank clerk's stool
TO the deck of a destroyer
The tang of the sea instead of the fogs of the city . . . He's one of the people who may no longer need
'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
Nerve-Tonic Food

quality, and it was a needed quality, for all the others were necessarily much concerned with diagnosis and analysis. In this task they all went deep to the roots of the modern situation; and they made quite clear what hardly anyone now denies, that no Church can hope to redeem society, and to work for a Christian Britain which does not have its being far more in public and political places than has been customary for many years past.

But, of course, it cannot do anything at all in any sort of sphere unless it is all the time making fresh Christians of a high quality: the essential prerequisite of Christain policy is a sufficient supply of convinced Christians, and of course while Christian economics can do much to remove unnecessary stumbling blocks set before the Faith, in the end every soul has to come into the Kingdom one at a time, and loyalty to Christ is a personal choice as well as a communal life. This is why Dr. Glover's book is so excellent a companion to the broadcasts. He is concerned with the quality of individual discipleship, and he considers what it must be by listing the various New Testament titles of a Christian, and explaining them: Slave and Freeman, Soldier and King, Comrade and Singer, Ambassador and Thinker. Wise directors of souls often tell their penitents to use such titles as a vehicle of self-examination, and those who obey find it a searching test. Dr. Glover explains exactly what the New Testament means by each of these titles, and he does it in his own quite inimitable style. Thus his book too has the essential quality of imaginative force, without which there can be no evangelism, for what phenomenon anywhere exists which has an imaginative force comparable with that of the perfectly dedicated soul?

The Man in the Street may probably not read either of the two books listed above, but he is likely to read the Bishop of Truro's Penguin just because it is a Penguin. That is one reason why it is specially urgent that only the very best Christian writing should be put into the Penguin series. Alas, it certainly isn't: with one exception, the religious Penguins have been distinctly second rate, and the Bishop of Truro's book is not, I'm afraid, the exception. "The Gospel for Tomorrow is the Gospel of Reasonableness." That quotation sets the key, and the colour of the whole is the grey of that rather arid intellectualism which in effect is always trying to devalue the essential mystery of Christianity, and attacking what it is pleased to call tendencies to superstition, mostly connected with the Eucharist, on every other page. The trouble about this "Gospel for Tomorrow" is that it is impossible to believe that any pagan would be seriously attracted, much less converted by it, so utterly does it lack colour and imaginative force. In the whole enterprise of making a Christian Britain, the Penguins can play a very big part, but they cannot do it until Christians have learned to write to that length and in that rather specialized way, and we have not learned it yet.

ROGER LLOYD.

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